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EDITORIAL

U.S. TO CRITICS: KEEP OUT!

Either America is an open society or it isn't. If it is, the country has nothing to fear from such political and literary luminaries as Nobel Prizewinner Gabriel García Márquez, playwright Dario Fo, Salvadoran insurgent leader Guillermo Ungo and Chile's widowed First Lady Hortensia Allende. But the Reagan Administration has refused to grant to all of the above—and dozens more—the entry privileges customarily accorded other figures of their stature.

The country seems more of a closed company with every slamming door. The exclusion of famous people deters thousands of others from the arduous and often humiliating application process, where detailed probes are made into political and affectional ties. No particular threat to national security need be divined: radical thinking, organizational affiliation or sexual preference is enough to keep the Administration's critics out.

García Márquez was to come to the United States in April as a member of an international delegation that met with U.N. Secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar and House Speaker Tip O'Neill. The aim of the meeting, the novelist stated in a telegram to the group after his exclusion, was to express "the preoccupation of public opinion in Latin America and Europe with the blatant and inadmissible interference of the government of the U.S. in Central America."

"It is a disgrace," he continued, "that I cannot be present at the meeting . . . because the government of the U.S. has again denied the unconditional visa that I have repeatedly requested for the last thirteen years."

It is a disgrace, and worse. As Allen Ginsberg wrote to *The New York Times*, "It is the sign of the overt covert moral sleaze factor that permeates public debate in this crisis of national conscience and intellect."

ADVICE TO THE PEACE MOVEMENT
Norman Birnbaum

BIG OIL'S MERGERS
Edwin Rothschild

WHILE SOMEONE ELSE IS EATING—VIII
Ernest Hebert

SARTRE AND DE BEAUVOIR
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INTERSTATE I.D. INDEX

'TRIPLE I' WILL BE TRACKING US

DIANA R. GORDON AND MAE CHURCHILL

On April 5, a House Judiciary subcommittee concluded hearings on the topic "1984: Civil Liberties and the National Security State." In the course of those hearings only one witness mentioned the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Interstate Identification Index—or Triple I—a national computerized directory of state arrest records. For the past several years, Triple I has been undergoing what the Bureau calls "phased testing"; it has access to records in fourteen states, including the populous states of California, Michigan, New York and New Jersey. When the system eventually includes all fifty states, this country will have a federally controlled data bank equivalent to the centralized system Congress rejected ten years ago.

About 40 million Americans, one-third of the labor force, have arrest records. By 1990 Triple I will be capable of retrieving and disseminating more than 90 percent of those "criminal histories" to law enforcement agencies and to public and private employers. The term signifies the attitude of the system's creators toward the presumption of innocence, since the vast majority of arrests do not lead to conviction.

Although the Bureau has called the test of Triple I a success, no attempt has been made to show that crime in the fourteen states has been reduced as a result. And if the F.B.I.'s assessments of the quality of the records in Bureau and state files are to be believed, relying on those records may well result in a lot of damaging errors.

In the early 1970s journalists, judges, law

(*Continued on Page 513*)

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LETTERS.

MINING LAKE NICARAGUA

New York City

In the uproar over the C.I.A.-directed mining of Nicaraguan waters, one detail has gone unmentioned in the U.S. press (even though it has been covered in the Central American media, such as the conservative Costa Rican newspaper *La Nación*). At the beginning of this month, Edén Pastora's *contras* announced that they had mined Lake Nicaragua, an act which was condemned by Nicaraguan Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto on April 3.

A glance at the map shows that Lake Nicaragua, which lies just north of the country's southern border, could not possibly be used to ship arms to El Salvador, nor does it serve as an entry point for international shipping. While there may be some military ships traversing the lake because of *contra* activities in the border area, lake traffic consists almost entirely of small-scale civilian transport and local commercial shipping. One cannot help but wonder if the C.I.A. informed the Congressional intelligence committees about this mining operation, and if so, what type of convoluted logic they employed to justify it.

Marc Edelman

OPEN ADMISSIONS ALIVE AND WELL

Buffalo

One of the problems people living in New York City have is the tendency to assume that New York City is the universe. That view is exemplified by Ed Quinn and Leonard Kriegel in "How the Dream Was Deferred" [*The Nation*, April 7]. Open admissions was the policy of many state university systems long before it ever became an issue in New York City; it is still alive and well in many places. Conservative Ohio has run open admissions at Ohio State for generations. The more liberal California has had open admissions in its community colleges for nearly as long. Even in New York State, open admissions exists in SEEK programs, such as the ones at SUNY College at Buffalo and the University of Buffalo.

The problems with the New York City program were real, and undoubtedly Quinn and Kriegel describe them correctly. But what they should not do is draw conclusions from the New York City experience. In fact, their naïveté—in asserting that since they were street smart and had come from lower-class backgrounds ipso facto they would be able to communicate effectively with students from the ghetto—indicates that they made little effort to prepare themselves for reality. They did learn, but it would have been nice to find out what had happened in other areas before New York City tried to reinvent the wheel. From my brief contact with the program in the late 1960s I could tell there were serious flaws, primarily administrative, that should have been corrected. Most were not.

I do not think open admissions has failed, but I do believe that colleges that take no intermediate steps before admitting students who have recently failed in high school simply program them to fail again. Sometimes the aging process itself mediates the problem, but even then a lot of support programs are needed. Instead of blaming Reaganism, let us hear more about what New York City professors learned from the experience and how programs can be improved.

Vern L. Bullough, Dean
Faculty of Natural and Social Sciences
SUNY College at Buffalo

QUINN AND KRIEGEL REPLY

New York City

It was not our intention to claim that New York City invented open admissions. We did, in fact, allude to its earlier incarnations, at Ohio State and other large state universities. Our point was that open admissions became a *cause célèbre* only when it was extended to include large numbers of minority students in a tuition-free system. In that sense, the CUNY experience *was* unique, and it represented a dangerous precedent to those who care more about educational budgets than educational possibilities.

As for "blaming Reaganism," we obviously never claimed that the Reagan Administration had anything to do with the elimination of open admissions in 1976. What we did imply is that it has a great deal to do with the current attitude that characterizes the program as a failure and that picks up the skirts of its standards whenever educational remediation is seriously considered. That was the point we "naïvely" thought we had made. Maybe the good dean couldn't hear us because we speak with this funny New York accent.

Ed Quinn and Leonard Kriegel

THE ASSAULT ON FREUD

Brooklyn

In Judith Herman's aggressive defense of Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson's *The Assault On Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory* ["The Analyst Analyzed," *The Nation*, March 10], Masson emerges as the abused child, punished by the Freudian father, Kurt Eissler, who deprived him of a job with the Sigmund Freud Archives. In Herman's superior tone, Eissler's defense of Freud becomes a "tautology" and Janet Malcolm's account in *The New Yorker* is merely "gossipy." In contrast, Herman gives Masson's book high grades, calling it "fascinating," "courageous," and the work of a scholar! Her tenderness toward the victimized Masson shines through even as she notes that he is guilty of periodic naughtiness, such as "occasional polemical flourishes," and that "perhaps" he is too harsh when he characterizes Freud as having shown a "personal failure of courage."

Moreover, Herman foolishly extrapolates when she presents Freud's abandonment of the seduction theory as a repudiation of women, psychoanalysis thereby becoming "a misogynous psychology," as though seduction involves female children only. Similarly, an either/or choice between reality and fantasy reveals a mechanical methodology that is profoundly alien to Freud's dialectic thinking, as is the imputation that Freud did not perceive the distinction between seduction and violence.

Harry Slochower
Editor in Chief, American Imago

WHO'S SUPPRESSING WHAT?

Nashville

In her review of Masson's *The Assault on Truth*, Judith Herman paints a dramatic picture of Freud's "abandonment" of the seduction theory. With conviction and authority she asserts that Masson has courageously "proved" that psychoanalysis has systematically suppressed the truth that many children are sexually abused. It is difficult to find the source for her self-confident statement, since even so orthodox a Freudian as Otto Fenichel wrote, in his famous textbook, *The Psychoanalytic Theory of the Neurosis*: "By seduction children's genitality may be aroused prematurely, and the intensity of the excitement which was stimulated by external factors may be beyond the child's power of control; this creates traumatic states."

Is this suppression? Is this siding with child abuse? Perhaps the literary editor found Herman's advocacy of Masson's attacks on Freud suitable as political commentary. But does it make sense to say that a generation of psychoanalysts, many of whom escaped Nazi Germany, were incapable of perceiving that adults can be cruel to children? And are all the psychoanalysts and psychiatrists and others who work with victims of the Holocaust also afraid of telling themselves and the world that human beings lack nothing when it comes to inventing ways to harm one another?

Volney P. Gay

A MOVEMENT, NOT A PARTY

Berkeley, Calif.

I appreciate your publishing in the April 21 issue a long excerpt from *Green Politics: A Global Promise* (E.P. Dutton), which I wrote with Fritjof Capra. I was dismayed, however, to see that the title you ran over the article was "A Green Party—It *Can* Happen Here." It should have read "A Green Movement—It *Can* Happen Here." In both the article and the book, we argue against the founding of a party (primarily because the American system lacks proportional representation), advocating instead a Green political movement which could develop in various directions.

Charlene Spretnak

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EDITORIALS.

Terrorism 138

President Reagan's contribution to statecraft has been to make public policy of what used to be secret suggestion. He stripped the cover from covert war and entered aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* as a line item in the Congressional budget. He wanted to convert the shadowy C.I.A. system of subversion and propaganda into a proud executive operation, Project Democracy. Far from denying U.S. intentions to destabilize foreign regimes, he announced a campaign to bring the Sandinista government to its knees. It was not long ago that similar actions by another President became part of impeachment proceedings.

In an order signed April 3, Reagan gave state-sponsored terrorism the force of law, where once it was hardly whispered about in White House corridors. National Security Decision Directive 138 will allow U.S. government operatives to take what Secretary of State Shultz calls "preventive or pre-emptive action" against foreign terrorist threats. Although the President has revealed no specifics on what

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the program might entail, he will soon ask Congress to authorize large sums to finance it. According to an Administration source, the White House has at least one thing in mind: a bulging bribery account, from which informers will be paid huge rewards—perhaps $500,000—for the juiciest tips.

Whether called state terrorism or pre-emptive action, the kinds of operations the directive sanctions will be ruthless, arbitrary and dangerous. If an eager tipster tells a NATO intelligence officer that a demonstration against a missile site in West Germany could become violent, will American soldiers be sent to round up leaders of the peace movement or ransack their offices—or worse? If an obscure political faction or religious sect "threatens" to attack U.S. soldiers in some Middle Eastern country, will Phantoms be dispatched to bomb the nearest targets of opportunity? or the capital of an unfriendly country? If the uncontrollable leader of a hostile regime brags that he will crush the American devils, will he find cyanide in his soup or itchy powder in his caftan? A White House source told reporters that Reagan would honor his 1981 executive order prohibiting U.S. government officials from carrying out assassinations, but what about attempts by agents of American clients and proxies? Israel's Mossad, South Korea's K.C.I.A., Chile's DINA and the Salvadoran death squads are all funded and supplied directly or indirectly by the United States, and all are adept at capers that Reagan might find distasteful.

What constitutes an international terrorist act, after all? And when does it threaten American interests? A bomb in an ambassador's automobile may be a clear-cut case of terrorism, but an attack by a guerrilla army against a U.S. military mission is an act of war. Salvadoran officials call the rebel forces arrayed against them terrorists, the same name Israeli leaders give to their Palestinian foes. One man's terrorist is another's freedom fighter.

The fact is that Reagan's order will give the legitimacy of policy to activities that are already on the menu of subterfuge and secrecy. It will not stop terrorism, for if ever a program was part of the problem rather than the solution, this is it. State-sanctioned terrorism creates the climate of violence in which freelance terrorism thrives. The brutality in El Salvador, the massacre of peasants in Guatemala, the occupation of the West Bank—such strategies make the responses they provoke seem feeble by comparison. Directive 138 dodges that issue, and profoundly misses the point.

Like Directive 138, the 1976 resolutions creating Congressional Intelligence Committees were supposed to legitimize secret U.S. operations by making them into publicly scrutinized and sanctioned policy. But while Reagan's executive order is deceptive from the start, the resolutions were passed with the best liberal intentions of averting national moral and political disasters. Unfortunately, in just a few years the oversight function of those committees has eroded, and they mostly ratify and mediate the activities they ought to prohibit.

The betrayal of the Intelligence Committees' origins makes Daniel Patrick Moynihan's resignation from the vice-chairmanship of the Senate Intelligence Committee a futile gesture. The Senator says that the C.I.A.'s delay in notifying the committee of the mining of Nicaraguan ports destroyed the necessary trust between his panel and the agency. But the deeper issue is Moynihan's concept of his duty. We do not need representatives who collaborate with the national security apparatus; we require elected officials who will control it.

For Moynihan, the problem with the Administration's Central America policy is one of communication. He has no beef with the general proposition of a terrorist campaign against the Sandinista government. He voted—as recently as April 5—to give $21 million to the C.I.A. forces engaged in murder, torture and the destruction of civilian communities in Nicaragua. He knows better than most members of Congress that the government's claim merely to be "interdicting" men and matériel en route to El Salvador is nonsense. An American naval flotilla in the Gulf of Fonseca and the U.S.-Honduran military forces surely don't need the help of the *contras* to do that. Moynihan just wants a little more respect.

The Intelligence Committees of both houses could blow the lid off Reagan's Central America adventures if they had a mind to, but they have not put much of a crimp in the war effort. What have they learned about the *contra* seizure of San Juan del Norte? The forces in that southern town on the Atlantic coast are said to be made up of right-wing Cuban exiles supplied with Israeli arms. No word yet from Moynihan on that subject. Now that he's off the committee, he need say nothing. And that may have been the Senator's purpose all along.

The Fairer Games

In 1896 Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics, announced his vision of the games: "The solemn and periodic exaltation of male athleticism, with internationalism as a base, loyalty as a means, art for its setting and female applause as a reward." Women are no longer consigned to the spectator role, but they compete on a separate and unequal basis.

Last August, a number of women runners brought a suit against the Olympic hierarchy in Federal District Court in Los Angeles. They demanded that 5,000- and 10,000-meter races, excluded from the women's program, be added this year. Mary Decker of the United States, Anne Audain of New Zealand and Greta Waitz of Norway were joined by seventy-nine runners from twenty-six countries in charging Olympic officials with sex discrimination in violation of California statutes, Federal law and international treaties.

With many women athletes watching, American Civil Liberties Union lawyer Susan McGreivy argued last month that Olympic officials have been passing the buck and using bureaucratic procedures to deny female middle-distance runners a chance to compete. McGreivy, a former Olympic swimmer, pointed out that elaborate requirements for adding a new event were not imposed until 1970, long after most

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men's events had been approved. In addition she charged that events other than the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races were added to the 1984 Olympic schedule in violation of the rules, in part because of the lure of increased television revenues. "You can't deny women parity," argued McGreivy, "because it is not going to generate television revenue."

Last week Judge David Kenyon, ruling that intentional discrimination had not been proved, upheld the International Olympic Committee's actions. The women are appealing the decision. Kathy Hayes, a 21-year-old junior from the University of Oregon who is ranked eighth in the world in the 5,000 meters by *Track & Field News*, said, "We have a lot of people on our side. It's just a basic question of equality."

WILLIAM GIRDNER

William Girdner is a writer for The Los Angeles Daily Journal, *a legal affairs newspaper.*

Greensboro Rerun

"These defendants are patriotic citizens, just like the German citizens were, and that is why they went to Greensboro—to stop the Communists." So argued a defense lawyer for six Ku Klux Klansmen and three members of the American Nazi Party who were acquitted last week of Federal charges that they had violated the civil rights of demonstrators at an anti-Klan rally in Greensboro, North Carolina, on November 3, 1979. Although five members of the Communist Workers Party were shot to death and videotapes taken by local newsmen at the scene seem to show that the fatal bullets were fired by several of the men on trial, the defense's pro-Nazi, anti-Communist strategy prevailed. When considered along with the 1980 state trial that found several of the same defendants not guilty of murder, the verdict from the Federal court in Winston-Salem marks a denial of justice that transcends the Greensboro events.

First one must look at the jury which, as in the 1980 trial, was all white. The questioning of jurors at Winston-Salem was closed to press and public. When local newspapers sought relief, citing the Supreme Court's recent decision in *Press Enterprise Co. v. Superior Court of Riverside County, California* that reporters cannot be barred from the voir dire process, their petition languished until selection was completed. Thus, a crucial stage in the trial was kept from public scrutiny. Now that a transcript of the voir dire has become available, the biases of several of those who served on the jury have been revealed. When questioned, one juror expressed the view that the Ku Klux Klan did "good things" like chase lazy husbands. Another claimed all he knew about the Klan was that its members wore white hoods.

When actual selection of the jurors was made in open court, about a dozen blacks remained in the final pool of approximately ninety-three, hardly reflective of the district's voting roll, which is 25 percent black. Those blacks were then summarily excused, probably the result of the defense's use of peremptory challenges, a familiar tactic to whiten juries when racial questions are involved [see DiPerna, "All-White Juries Are No Accident," *The Nation*, January 21].

Perhaps even more disturbing than the jury selection process was the equation of Nazism with patriotism, shamelessly articulated by defense attorney Roy Hall in his opening statement to the jurors:

> You are going to hear an awful lot about the fact that Roland Wayne Wood [Hall's client] was head of the local Nazi Party. You have to remember that at the end of the war, Roland Wayne Wood was only two months old . . . so these are not the war crime Nazis. . . . Many of you on the jury have German blood. The German people are always with us. . . . Werner von Braun was a Nazi, but no one asked him his politics before they made him a high-ranking official at NASA. . . . The Germans gambled everything in the war and lost everything in opposition to Communism. Aren't they a lot more attractive now than they were forty years ago, at the end of the war?

Apparently the jury thought so. It found that when the Klan members and Nazis attended the Greensboro rally, they were not "substantially motivated" by racial hatred. That was the only basis, according to the judge's instruction to the jury, on which the nine could have been convicted. The judge reasoned that because the government's indictment rested on a Federal statute prohibiting racial discrimination, Klan members shooting Communists for reasons other than racism could not be convicted of violating that statute. The Justice Department argued that the judge's instruction was not founded on case law, but to no avail.

Thus the defendants rested on the contention that they were motivated by a fierce desire to save Greensboro from Communism, and the all-white jury dismissed the body of evidence establishing racial motivation. And in an open courtroom, justice hid. Racist violence professed to be merely political by those who engage in it can be carried out with impunity. In the Greensboro case, that is like saying the dead did not die.

PAULA DiPERNA

Paula DiPerna is a frequent contributor to The Nation. *Her book* Juries: The Face of American Justice *will be published by Dembner Books in the fall.*

FOLLOW-UP

After three and a half months, Raza Kazim is still secretly detained in Pakistan [see "Re: Raza Kazim," *The Nation*, March 17]. His family was allowed one visit, probably the result of international pressure. His health has deteriorated, he has not been charged or tried and he has no access to his lawyer or doctor. While the Pakistanis surround Kazim with silence, the State Department purveys disinformation. For months it knowingly confused him with a convicted smuggler whose name is similar. And a member of the State Department who was to investigate Kazim's case on a trip to Pakistan spoke to no Pakistani official about it. Such intransigence makes the U.S. government complicit in this human rights violation.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

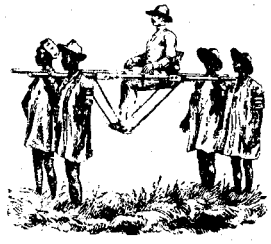
Black and White Mischief

Here's one way to look at the whole story: *The Washington Post* is an overwhelmingly white-staffed newspaper, perched in an overwhelmingly black town. Not so long ago Janet Cooke accurately estimated that she would increase her chances of employment at the paper if she said she had graduated from Vassar and held a master's degree. She also accurately reckoned that *Post* editors would like a story about black dope pushers mainlining a black child. Her editor was Milton Coleman.

When the Jackson campaign started up, many papers scratched about in their newsrooms and came up with a black reporter to send along. Call it natural selection. Candidate Jackson did pretty well, and the black reporters started filing enthusiastic copy. Alarm bells began to ring. Did Coleman feel that maybe the perception of him back at the paper was as a person who was very naturally and understandably—he is *black* after all—*losing his objectivity*?

At any rate Coleman then—on his own account in *The Post*—breached the rules of a background session with Jackson and reported to Rick Atkinson (who was suddenly drafted by the editors as a new set of eyes on the campaign) that Jackson had made his slighting ethnic references.

Coleman, having proved that he had not got "too close to the candidate," or allowed "personal feelings" as a member of a minority scandalously treated by the media since the founding of the Republic to intrude upon his "integrity" as a reporter, was then clapped soundly on the back by his colleagues and highly commended for adhering to the finest traditions of the trade. Journalistic integrity and objectivity are most frequently invoked when the interests of the powers that be are upheld.



The attention turns to Jackson. "Are you a black man who happens to be an American running for the Presidency—or are you an American who happens to be a black man running for the Presidency?" Amazing racism. Marvin Kalb actually asked Jackson that on *Meet the Press* on April 8, and was soundly praised for the question by William Safire the next day. I suppose Kalb had hoped the conversation would go as follows:

JACKSON: I am an American who happens to be black. But I would like very much to be white, because then my candidacy would not be polarizing and I would not upset Sydney Schanberg.

KALB: In the event of advances in cosmetic surgery do you pledge to dissociate yourself from the offensive statements made on an ongoing basis by your black skin?

JACKSON: Yassuh.

KALB: And do you hereby renounce and reject all black companions except those licensed by the Young-Wilkins-King Committee for Responsible Negritude?

JACKSON: Sho 'nuf.

Footnote: The April 10 *New York Times* had a story about black anger at the press's treatment of Jackson. "According to Dr. Alvin Poussaint," reporter Faye Joyce wrote, "many blacks feel the incident nearly destroyed Mr. Jackson's budding Presidential bid." More racism. It takes a shrink to understand these people.

Fritz Fury

Barry Goldwater may have called the mining of Nicaragua's ports an act of war, but even he lacked the rhetorical urgency and spunk of Walter Mondale, who once again revealed the new fire in his belly kindled by tussles with Gary Hart. Mondale said that the mining "comes close to an act of belligerence." This headline-grabbing description is almost as gutsy as Anthony Eden's stance during the Suez war of 1956. He denied that Britain was in a state of war. The country, he insisted, was "in armed conflict."

The thing about your liberal is that he or she always takes two steps forward and then two steps back. The April 11 editorial in *The New York Times* attacking the mining/World Court mess stated that the mines "have blown apart the White House effort to build sober Congressional support for the 'contra' campaign against Nicaragua." The word to watch here is "sober." Contrary to many previous *Times* editorials, this one seems to be saying that a sober Congressperson will support the funding of bandits dispatched to murder peasants in Nicaragua, whereas only an intoxicated one will back the mining of the harbors. An editorial on April 15 carried even further this guarded approval of sober interference, warning the Sandinistas, "Support revolutions in El Salvador or elsewhere and expect the United States to supply counterrevolutionaries in Nicaragua." This, said *The Times*, was the "right and realistic message to the Sandinistas." Since *The Times* says the Sandinistas are supplying revolutionaries to El Salvador, how then does it differ from the Administration and the C.I.A.?

What's Yours Is Mined

Everything has gone full circle. Now we're back to Administration attempts to justify sabotage of Nicaragua with allegations that the Sandinistas are supplying the Salvadoran freedom fighters. Thus, neatly paired with theatrics about the mining, we found in *The New York Times* Stephen Kinzer filing a report from Managua, headed "Salvador Rebels Still Said to Get Nicaraguan Aid," which reposed almost entirely on blind quotes.

"Western diplomats," writes Kinzer, "appear to be convinced of the general accuracy of American intelligence reports on the military ties between Nicaragua and the Salvadoran rebels." Who are these Western diplomats? When I interviewed U.S. Ambassador Anthony Quainton in Managua last December, he insisted that he be described only as a Western diplomat. Then Kinzer quotes a "Western European diplomat" as saying, "The Sandinistas fear that if the guerrilla movement weakens in El Salvador, their own regime will become more isolated and more vulnerable to attack." Of course Nicaragua backs the Salvadoran struggle

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

(backing that Kinzer colors, in quasi-sinister tones, with the news that "slogans supporting the Salvadoran rebel cause are often chanted at Nicaraguan rallies"), but Kinzer could have written with equal truth that the Nicaraguans fear that if the guerrilla movement prevails in El Salvador the United States is far more likely to intervene directly and in force.

By and large Kinzer's performance in Managua has been a disappointment. He's not quite as craven and lackluster as his colleague Lydia Chavez, in El Salvador, but nearly so. I suppose he, like so many *Times* folk in sensitive areas, is afraid of being marked as a Comsymp and banished to the salt mines of the Business section. *The New York Times* under Abe Rosenthal has much in common with the K.G.B., though the leader of the former institution is surely more erratic. A friend described having breakfast with Rosenthal a while ago. They were munching along amiably when suddenly Rosenthal lowered his face toward his coffee cup until only the top of his head was visible. Then up came the face again, beginning to rant about some assault on his character supposedly promulgated in my friend's periodical. It was, my friend said, to gaze into the eyes of madness.

Avineri and the Crisis

Top of the bill at the Socialist Scholars Conference held in New York City April 19 through 21 was a panel titled "Crisis of the Socialist Ideal," featuring, among others, Schlomo Avineri, professor at Hebrew University, author of books on Marx, Hegel and Zionism, and director general of Israel's Foreign Ministry under the Labor government. It could fairly be said that the above-mentioned "crisis" is very well exemplified by Professor Avineri himself.

On July 22, 1982, in the midst of Israel's invasion of Lebanon, a letter to Avineri from Meron Benvinisti, former Deputy Mayor of Jerusalem and now head of the West Bank project, was published in *Ha'aretz*. Those pondering the crisis of the socialist ideal might read it carefully. Avineri refused to reply, claiming that because the letter refers to his reserve military service, he is unable to respond. It runs, in part, as follows:

> I was called to active reserve military service on 19/7 in order to lecture to soldiers in Lebanon for the second time this month. As usual, before leaving, the lecturers were briefed, but this time the briefing was not directed by Army Education Officers but by you. In your briefing you emphasized the possibility of occupying West Beirut and gave a special lecture on the geography of Beirut.
>
> You made the following statements among others: Under the present conditions there is no other choice but to occupy Beirut by force. Such an occupation shall give us undeniable political advantages—among others, it shall help to establish a moderate Palestinian leadership, with which it shall be possible to solve the Palestinian problem. When asked what would be the price of such a move, you replied that such a question should not be directed at the lecturers but at the Army commanders. When I said that such a reply did not show much intellectual integrity you said: "If the Jewish community (in Palestine) had known that 6,000 Jews would be killed in the War of Independence they might not have started it."
>
> After such a fantastic reply you added decisively that in retrospect the Americans shall agree to an (Israeli) conquest of West Beirut by force. . . .
>
> Throughout your talk you kept mentioning that you are in opposition to the government, and you also repeated your academic capacities, especially referring to your Hegel studies. That is, you pretended to be an objective instructor uninvolved in political debates. . . .
>
> I am disturbed not by your appearance and talk, but by the syndrome contained in it. I consider this to be a sign of adapting and being willing to serve any regime. . . .
>
> This kind of valueless adaptation is characteristic of intellectuals and political movements in societies that have lost their ideological conscience, and is now spreading among us. Your contribution to this deterioration here is not smaller than that of those who deliberately cause the process of the increase in extremism. In this you expect the reward of the just while doing what the wicked do. . . .
>
> . . . I and those like me, who cannot accept your flexible principles, find ourselves "outside the camp." Since you claim to be a "loyal opposition," then according to the norm we become "unloyal opposition," that is, antipatriotic and destructive.
>
> But I consider you, and not the political regime, responsible for setting such norms.

Last year I criticized the organizers of the conference for not calling for a resolution in support of the Nicaraguan revolution. This year intervention finds its way into the agenda, though not quite the way I had been hoping for.

Forster and All That

As an envoi on the topic of racism, try these quotations from interviews with David Lean, who is directing a film based on *A Passage to India*. They appeared in *The Times* of London and *The Guardian*, and were quoted by Salman Rushdie in a piece on the Raj revival, in *The Observer*:

> I haven't seen Dickie Attenborough's 'Gandhi' yet, but as far as I'm aware, nobody has yet succeeded in putting India on the screen.
>
> *
>
> Forster was a bit anti-English, anti-Raj and so on; I suppose it's a tricky thing to say but I'm not so much. I intend to keep the balance more. I don't believe all the English were a lot of idiots. Forster rather made them so. . . . I've cut out that bit at the trial where they try to take over the court. Richard [Goodwin, the producer] wanted me to leave it in. But I said no, it just wasn't right. They wouldn't have done that.
>
> *
>
> As for Aziz, there's a hell of a lot of Indian in him. They're marvellous people but maddening sometimes, you know. . . . He's a goose. But he's warm and you like him awfully. I don't mean that in a derogatory way—things just happen to him. He can't help it.
>
> *
>
> One other thing. I've got rid of that "Not yet, not yet" bit. You know, when the Quit India stuff comes up, and we have the passage about driving us into the sea? . . . I thought that bit rather tacked on. Anyway, I see it as a personal not a political story.

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DISPATCHES.

■ IRAN: The Shah Papers

When Iranian "students" seized the U.S. Embassy in Teheran in November 1979 they stumbled on a huge file of classified documents that provided a revealing account of American dealings with the Shah. In the ensuing years the Khomeini government has published some thirty-two volumes of the papers. Largely unavailable in this country, they provide a scathing account of the workings of a thoroughly corrupt society, which had been penetrated at the highest levels by foreign interests.

One document, drafted on June 20, 1977, by economic officer John Washburn and appropriately titled "Corruption in Iran—A Problem for American Companies," reported, "The leading influence peddlers claim close ties to ministers and the members of the Royal Family, including . . . the Shah himself. . . . In many cases, American companies will promise a percentage of sales on such business to the influence peddler and claim that he is a legitimate agent."

An annex to this document lists the most prominent "intermediaries and influence peddlers." One, Shapour Reporter, is described as "notorious for using his apparently impressive contacts and persuasive manner to obtain fees for the use of his influence without actually performing any services whatsoever." Neill-Price, a construction firm, is one of many American companies that used or was used by Reporter.

According to the annex,

> Early in his career, [Reporter] was used in intelligence matters by the British Embassy who asked us to take him over as a political adviser to protect him when the British Embassy was closed from 1951-55. Since then he has developed a career as an influence salesman and commercial agent.

Reporter worked for the U.S. Embassy from 1948 until 1954 as a "political adviser," but his primary loyalty was to the British. They conferred the Order of the British Empire on him in 1969 and made him a knight of the British Empire in 1973. Today he lives in London, having fled Iran before the Islamic Republic was established.

Other members of the fixer fraternity escaped; they spend their days in comfortable exile. Fath-Abdol Mahvi, who, according to the annex, "acted as a front-man for numerous members of the Royal Family over the past 20 years," resides in Switzerland. "Of all the names on the list in this annex," it reads, "his is the most frequently mentioned with distaste by Iranians to members of the [U.S.] Embassy Economic Section." Mahvi was hired by the Iran Pan American Oil Company, among others, to negotiate contracts. That the United States depended on such people to keep Persian Gulf oil flowing is one reason Iranians turned to a revolutionary extreme. It's all in the documents.

■ UNITED STATES: Domestic Crisis

Is American foreign policy really foreign? Those who criticize U.S. aid to El Salvador and bemoan the frigid state of relations with the Soviet Union argue that policy is being made not according to foreign realities but according to the imperatives of domestic politics. They are close to the truth.

A historical example surfaced recently in the John F. Kennedy Library, which has transcribed tapes of some of the nearly 184 hours of classified "national security" conversations between Kennedy and his advisers. It is a serendipitous discovery in an election year.

The scene is the White House, October 16, 1962. The President and a group of top aides have just received their first formal briefing on the Soviet intermediate-range ballistic missiles in Cuba. According to the declassified transcript, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara turns to McGeorge Bundy, Kennedy's national security adviser, and says:

> I'll be quite frank. I don't think there *is* a military problem here. . . . I've gone through this today, and I asked myself, well, what is it then if it isn't a military problem? Well, it's just exactly *this* problem, that, that, uh, if Cuba should possess a capacity to carry out offensive actions against the U.S., the U.S. would act. . . . this is a domestic, political problem. . . . We said we'd *act*. Well, how will we act?

One can imagine the transcripts of the Oval Office deliberations on withdrawing the marines from Lebanon. Cap Weinberger turns to Robert McFarlane and says: "This isn't a military problem, Bob. How do we save the President's ass this November?"

■ FRANCE: Klaus Barbie's Lawyer

More than a year after his extradition Klaus Barbie is still awaiting trial. It may be many years—if ever—before justice is meted out to the Gestapo chief accused of sending thousands of French Jews to their death. The case has evolved into more than an inquiry into Barbie's crimes against humanity. Indeed, if the case ever goes to court, wartime France itself may be on trial.

That at least is the hope of Barbie's lawyer, Jacques Verges. Why else would this 58-year-old advocate noted for his procommunist views take on the case? Influenced by his father, a member of the Communist Party who was elected to the French Assembly in 1946, Verges became a Communist in his student days. Soon he joined the party's radical fringe. But in 1956 he distanced himself from the C.P. because, he said, its commitment to the Algerian revolution was too lukewarm.

In 1957, Verges was the defense lawyer for Algerian revolutionary Djamila Bouhired; several years later he converted to Islam in order to marry her. After living in Algeria for several years, he returned to Paris, and in 1963 founded a Maoist magazine, *Revolution*. The party organ, *L'Humanité*, branded Verges a "renegade" after he wrote "*Revolution* will not be supportive of those who . . . are seeking to carry out the operation of sweetening Marxism." During that time he also practiced law, defending the first Palestinian guerrilla arrested in Israel and the lawyer for the West German Red Army Faction who had fled to Paris.

Verges intends to use Barbie's trial as a forum for exposing the dark side of French politics during and immediately

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

after World War II. The centerpiece of his effort will be a probe into the murder of Resistance leader Jean Moulin, who was betrayed to Barbie. Verges claims he can prove that the Gaullists and other non-Communist members of the Resistance put their ideological views and "class interests" above the good of the nation: specifically, they turned over Communists and their close associates to the Germans. A fierce critic of America, Verges will probably also use the trial to spotlight Barbie's ties to U.S. intelligence agencies after the war. Both inquiries could elicit some politically explosive testimony.

Correcting and supplementing the historical record might be an instructive exercise, but it hardly constitutes a defense of Barbie. And so Verges will also argue that the crimes of the Third Reich are not unique, that bourgeois and colonialist states have committed similar atrocities. As Verges explains, "Every day I receive letters and appeals from our brothers in the Arabic countries and in Black Africa supporting me and telling me . . . that they are fed up with these diversionary trials, with hearing it claimed that only Hitler committed crimes against humanity."

If Verges follows that advice, his attempt to revise recent French history may backfire. But then Verges takes a tolerant view of crimes against humanity. Regarding Nikita Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin's crimes, he once wrote: "It is in the name of a disembodied socialist legality, that is, that of common law, that the posthumous criticisms of the dictator pretend to 'judge' both the liquidation of the kulaks and the errors of the Moscow trials."

■ STATE DEPARTMENT: Closed Channel

In 1971 Secretary of State William Rogers established what is called the "dissent channel" by which department officers below ambassadorial rank may communicate views contrary to U.S. foreign policy directly to Washington. If use of the channel is an accurate barometer, U.S. diplomats abroad have become increasingly reluctant to criticize during the Reagan years. According to State Department figures, in the first year of the Carter Administration Foreign Service officers filed twenty-eight dissent cables; in 1981 they filed only fifteen, and last year the total dropped to five.

"I'm very concerned by the fact that the use rate is falling," says Foreign Service officer John Reinertson, chairman of the State Department's Open Forum office, which is partly responsible for managing the dissent channel. "I think it reflects a feeling among officers that policy-making has been polarized and therefore alternative ideas are less welcome. . . . Fear is fairly pervasive in the Foreign Service that espousing ideas on their own merits is apt to put your career at risk."

Self-censorship by junior officers is but one facet of the problem; recently the independence of the dissent process came under attack as well. Reinertson tangled with his nominal boss, Stephen Bosworth, at the time chairman of State's Policy Planning Council, after a dissent cable arrived from the U.S. Embassy in Poland. Reinertson insists that "the chairman of Open Forum has to clear the outgoing reply to any dissent cable," even though the council is responsible for drafting it. Reinertson found the reply to the Warsaw cable unresponsive to the issues raised and complained to Secretary of State George Shultz. That created a storm at Policy Planning, where some officials claimed Reinertson was commenting on substantive matters outside his purview. To add bureaucratic insult to injury, says Harry Jones, Bosworth's special assistant, Reinertson "sent his memo to the Secretary without showing the thing to Ambassador Bosworth, let alone clearing it with him."

As a result, the steering group of Open Forum proposed that it be made an independent agency within the department. Jones dismisses the dispute as much ado about nothing. "Why should anyone bother? In a few months Reinertson's one-year term will end. And Bosworth is moving out to be Ambassador to the Philippines. . . . There was no problem, really, except perhaps a personality clash."

That might be. But the fact that the next chairman of Open Forum will have to work with Bosworth's replacement, Peter Rodman, a protégé of Henry Kissinger, who instigated the wiretapping of his own staff, does not augur well for the dissent channel.

■ GRENADA: Capturing History

History has become a strategic objective in recent conflicts. When Israel invaded Lebanon in June 1982, one of its main targets was the archives of the Institute for Palestine Studies. The idea was to seize the documents there and use them to discredit the Palestinian cause. When U.S. forces landed in Grenada last October, they seized not only official Grenadian government files but documents and notes from the party offices of the New Jewel Movement, private papers from the houses of prominent officials and even mail still waiting in post offices to be delivered. That documentary cache was used to prepare the State Department's white(wash) paper on the invasion, hurriedly published in December.

Now U.S. authorities face the sticky problem of what to do with the originals, which are reportedly in the custody of the Defense Intelligence Agency. When the State Department turned to the American Historical Association for advice, it received a strongly worded reply: the U.S. government should "reaffirm its support of the principle that archives belong in the country in which they were created." With the backing of the Organization of American Historians, the association has insisted that the records be transferred immediately to the National Archives and held there until they can be returned to Grenada. Even the maleable Sir Paul Scoon, the Queen's representative who was ostentatiously rescued by the marines, has indicated his official displeasure about the current whereabouts of Grenada's history.

But who could guarantee that the documents, having been through the hands of every intelligence agency in Washington, could be returned intact?

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ARTICLES.

ADVICE TO THE PEACE MOVEMENT

Talk to Europe's Center-Right, Too

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

In the current state of politics, the term "peace movement" is exceedingly imprecise. I prefer to leave it that way to give an ecumenical cast to our understanding of what is in some respects a movement; in others a mood, sometimes accompanied by concrete proposals re nuclear arms, sometimes connected to larger projects aimed at revising America's foreign policy. However attenuated, common assumptions join groups as diverse as the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, the proponents of a nuclear freeze, the repentant technocrats of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations and considerable sectors of the public who are influenced by each group. All consider Ronald Reagan's foreign and military policies disastrous, doubt the Administration's capacity (and will) to alter course and think that the nuclear arms race has attained a frightening degree of autonomy—quite devoid of political, much less moral, purpose. Of the many problems facing that heterogeneous grouping, one concerns me now: What sort of connections shall the American peace movement establish with Western Europe, and what channels shall it use?

The U.S. peace movement has had considerable contact with its counterparts in Europe and with the socialist parties there. Our churches are of course in touch with European Christian political groups. The peace movement has had appreciably less to do with the parties of the center and the right, due mainly to their lack of interest. Italy's Embassy to the United States thinks it hardly necessary to recognize the existence of the Democratic Party and would have difficulty distinguishing between Jesse, Michael and Reggie Jackson. The West German Ambassador has warned of the "threat" of cooperation between the peace movements in his country and the United States. The West German Christian Democrats' representative to Washington seems to believe the left in this country includes the American Enterprise Institute. Even the usually unflappable British Embassy was nervous about Labor Party leader Neil Kinnock's meetings with American peace activists while he was in Washington this past February.

The Europeans of the center and the right often sound ridiculously bellicose on their trips to the United States. Alois Mock, head of the opposition Austrian People's Party, denounced the West Germans' talk of "neutralism" while expressing astonishment that anyone would question the validity of Austria's neutrality. Gaullist party leader Jacques Chirac stated that France has been spared a peace movement because it has its own nuclear weapons; he recoiled in horror, however, when I suggested that by his logic perhaps West Germany should also have such weapons. Italian Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs Susanna Agnelli regretted that Italy could not do more to help the United States militarily and attributed that to an Italian disease, "mammismo," the reluctance of mothers to see their sons die in combat.

Those absurdities aside (they seem to have been spoken, as the old Yiddish saying has it, "for the goyim"), Europe's political and business elites are desperately afraid of a military confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union. Some of their leaders even say so. Lord Carrington's recent appointment as NATO Secretary General was met with an obvious lack of enthusiasm by American officialdom because he had stated that the Reagan Administration's diplomacy "by megaphone" will not work. State Department officials have been at pains to let it be known that the United States finds the political ascent of Helmut Schaefer, the German Free Democrats' parliamentary spokesman on foreign affairs, disquieting—undoubtedly because Schaefer does not hesitate to criticize American policy. It is true that former Prime Minister Helmut Schmidt cannot decide whom he dislikes more, provincial American Presidents or Social Democrats who dare criticize Helmut Schmidt, but he at least has been moderately outspoken against the former. Willy Brandt has been even more critical—and that for years. A solid faction of European military leaders question U.S. nuclear strategy for Europe. Some of their animosity surfaced obliquely in West Germany in the dispute provoked by the Defense Minister's dismissal, partly on American instigation, of a general accused of being a homosexual (he was later reinstated). Army officers there were very helpful in providing advice to the Protestant group that formulated the remarkable Heidelberg Peace Memorandum last year. Now even the Defense Minister has criticized Reagan's space war plans.

Some European attitudes on the subject are due to fear and loathing of Ronald Reagan. Others come from a sense of weariness with American statecraft—or, rather, with its absence. More fundamentally still, Western Europeans sense that most American policy-makers have not adapted to changes in the structure of the world polity: nuclear and military parity between the superpowers; the predominance of economic, social and religious conflicts of regional origin in much of the world; the mockery that most people in industrial nations express toward ruling ideologies. Obvious conflicts of interest between Western Europe and the United States play no small part in current European skepticism. Above all, many Europeans on the center and the right dislike being accused of lacking courage by persons whom they consider deficient in historical experience and judgment.

It follows that Americans who seek fundamental changes in U.S. foreign and defense policies ought to cultivate interlocutors from the entire spectrum of opinion on the Conti-

Norman Birnbaum is University Professor at Georgetown University Law Center.

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nent. It is absurd to preach only to the converted. There is, objectively, a convergence of interests among America's authentic conservatives (those who wish their country would assume a different world role, one more consonant with its higher traditions and less compounded of hypocritical moralism and pathological dread of the future) and Europe's liberals and conservatives who consider that the Atlantic alliance should either express the residual civility of our civilization or be dissolved.

None of this is intended to minimize the role the European peace movements have played in influencing conservatives like Helmut Kohl and Margaret Thatcher to oppose certain U.S. policies. The notion purveyed in the American press that the European peace movements will subside now that the first wave of short-range missiles have been deployed has no substance. The movements have altered European consciousness in a way that will affect politics for decades to come. Three themes have fused in the peace movement. One is an absolute rejection of nuclear arms. The second is a distrust of elites who insist that preparation to use those arms is the most efficacious way to avoid having to do so. The third is a sense of European autonomy, shared in Eastern Europe and directed against the other superpower. Europe's more conservative political leaders have not hitherto rejected nuclear arms because until recently they were serene in the conviction that such weapons were meant to be brandished, not used. The peace movements and Ronald Reagan have undone their complacency. Conservatives have begun to think that unless they make concessions to the most vocal critics of U.S. policy, they may be swept away. The old assurance that alliance with the United States would enable them to stay on top at home while enjoying "partnership" with America's elite is vanishing. Partnership seems increasingly empty, and the European elites have begun to see that their influence in the United States would be greater if they showed more independence.

The center-right West German government's rapprochement with the government of the German Democratic Republic is striking. Politicians who had known no restraints in denouncing the Social Democrats for softness or worse toward the other German state have recently been crowding the antechambers of the East German leaders. (Indeed, the only harsh words the latter have heard recently came from a visiting Social Democrat leader, Horst Ehnke, who had the temerity to remind them that the German Communists bear considerable responsibility for Hitler's rise and its consequences.) Senior officials in the State Department are watching that development nervously and fear that they cannot take the West German government's unquestioning obedience for granted. The U.S. Embassy in East Berlin has begun to look for a role there independent of West German initiatives—a very new course.

That is a long way, to be sure, from seeking German neutrality and reunification. Indeed, the West German center-right looks upon cultivating good relations with the East as a way to blunt the peace movement's criticism that it is too subservient to the United States. The people who staff the West German government are not conspicuous for his-

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torical vision, however, and events may well outrun their limited political imagination.

Of course, there is a danger that the European elites will seek to bind the Federal Republic more tightly to Western Europe by encouraging it to join a regional nuclear force—an idea not uncongenial to some West Germans, though regarded with dismay by many others. That force would be independent of American command, the European right's idea of autonomy within NATO. The West German Social Democrats, however, have suggested a defensive strategy and weaponry for their army. The immediate danger is that in an ostensible effort to raise the nuclear threshold in Europe, NATO's armored forces would be built up. They could then strike into Eastern Europe. The U.S. Army's Airland Battle Doctrine implies this strategy. NATO's reorganization in this way could provoke a pre-emptive Soviet attack in a crisis and so is potentially destabilizing. Greater European independence from the United States, in other words, has its potential costs as well as its benefits. Since the present situation is fluid, it would pay for us to concentrate on seeking the benefits. □

STOP THE MERGERS

Don't Let Big Oil Get Even Bigger

EDWIN ROTHSCHILD

Bankrolled with billions of consumer dollars generated by the decontrol of oil prices and the partial decontrol of natural gas prices and encouraged by the Reagan Administration's nonenforcement of antitrust laws, the nation's major oil companies have gone on a merger spree.

In the last few months Texaco offered $10.1 billion for Getty Oil, Standard Oil of California bid $13.4 billion for Gulf Oil, Mobil offered $5.7 billion for Superior Oil, and Royal Dutch Shell has tendered $5.2 billion for the 30 percent of U.S. Shell it does not already own. If the Federal Trade Commission, which has given its preliminary blessing to the Texaco-Getty merger, allows the Socal-Gulf and Mobil-Superior deals to be consummated, three of the largest multinational oil companies will become even larger.

The immediate effect of the proposed takeovers is already being felt in financial markets. The multibillion-dollar loans required for them—$20 billion in the first quarter of 1984 alone—have created a surge in demand for credit. In response, major U.S. banks are increasing their prime lending rates, which in turn is driving up interest on home mortgages and small-business and consumer loans.

Although interest rates may subside if the Federal Reserve pumps money into the banking system, other economic and marketplace effects of oil company megamergers will be more serious and permanent.

When President Jimmy Carter and Congress partially decontrolled natural gas prices in 1978 and decontrolled oil prices in 1979, they were swayed by industry claims that those moves would encourage the exploration for domestic oil and gas reserves, which would make the nation less dependent on foreign sources. Former Gulf Oil chairman Jerry McAfee assured Congress, "The industry will spend any increased earnings from decontrol in the continued search for energy in the United States." Industry spokesmen assured Congress that the nation had plenty of domestic oil and gas—"a fifty-year supply at current production rates," said Charles DiBona, president of the American Petroleum Institute.

The Congressional Budget Office estimates that by 1985, domestic oil producers will have earned at least $70 billion after taxes as a result of decontrol. Partial decontrol of natural gas has provided additional billions in revenues. Between 1978 and 1982, the average price per barrel of oil increased 217 percent, from $9 to $28.50. Similarly, the average price of natural gas has jumped 170 percent, from 91 cents per thousand cubic feet to $2.46. Did producers use all that extra money to expand the hunt for oil and gas reserves in the United States? They did not.

According to a 1982 study by the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition, in the first three years of decontrol the nation's sixteen largest oil companies reported exploration and production earnings of $75 billion, 147 percent more than the $30 billion they made during the three years prior to decontrol. In that same period, however, the companies increased their exploration and production expenditures by only 115 percent. If the additional cash was not reinvested in exploration and production, where was it spent? It was used to acquire competing energy companies and other enterprises. Those companies spent $16.2 billion for that purpose in the three years after decontrol, compared with $2.3 billion spent during a like period prior to decontrol. Additionally, from January 1982 through March 1984, they paid out more than $35 billion to acquire their competitors.

As the number of mergers increased, U.S. oil and gas reserves fell. In December 1978 the United States had 31.4 billion barrels of proven oil reserves and 208 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. By the end of 1982 proven oil reserves were down to 27.9 billion barrels, a decline of 10 percent, and proven natural gas reserves had fallen to 201.5 trillion cubic feet, a drop of 3 percent.

During that period, there was an 82 percent increase in the total number of oil and gas wells drilled in the United States. But 85 percent of the additional wells were sunk to expand production in already discovered fields. According to the Department of Energy, such drilling "only occasionally adds significantly to proved reserves." Similarly, most of the exploratory drilling was done to extend previous discoveries instead of opening new fields. Thus, from 1979 through 1982 domestic oil companies discovered only 709 million barrels of oil in new fields, enough to supply the nation for forty-six days. During the same period the companies

Edwin Rothschild is assistant director of the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition.

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tapped over 12 trillion cubic feet of new gas, sufficient for nine months at current rates of consumption.

Interestingly enough, Texaco, Socal and Mobil are among the leaders in the industry's strange inability to find domestic oil and gas reserves. In that four-year period Texaco spent $6.6 billion on discovering the equivalent of 553 million barrels of oil. By spending only 50 percent more to buy Getty, it will acquire three times those reserves. Socal's transaction is similar. By grabbing Gulf it stands to gain more than twice the reserves it found in the United States from 1978 through 1982.

If these takeovers are not stopped, the newly enlarged companies' need and willingness to expand investment to search for U.S. oil and gas reserves will be further reduced. Moreover, as Wall Street analysts point out, the purchasing companies will have less to spend to find new reserves because they must pay off their newly incurred debts. With reduced exploration comes less production, which means increased dependence on imported oil supplies controlled by these companies and their OPEC partners.

Exxon, Texaco, Socal and Mobil, for example, are partners in Aramco, which markets most of the oil produced by Saudi Arabia. Evidence turned up in a recent Justice Department investigation suggests that Aramco used its power to keep prices artificially high during the 1970s, overcharging U.S. consumers "in excess of $1 billion annually." The cartel partners, with their expanded control over domestic oil supplies, and the Saudis will be able to wield an enormous influence over the world oil market.

The mergers will also further concentrate the ownership of domestic oil and gas production facilities, pipelines, refineries and the wholesale and retail sale of petroleum products. In most states the four largest companies control over 50 percent of wholesale sales of gasoline, heating oil, jet fuel and other products. Both Getty and Superior Oil customarily sold crude to independent refiners, who sold their products at prices below those of the major companies. Getty charged 1 to 4 cents per gallon less for its gasoline and heating oil than Mobil and Texaco. After the consolidation, consumers will have little choice but to buy higher-priced products from the few large companies left. At an additional 4 cents per gallon, a family with oil heat and two cars will spend an extra $100 a year on fuel.

The Federal Trade Commission's conditional approval of the Texaco-Getty merger exemplifies the Reagan Administration's tolerance of mergers. Rather than challenge it as the law requires, the F.T.C. ordered Texaco to prune a few refineries and gasoline stations in order to meet the Administration's relaxed merger guidelines. Under the F.T.C. formula, Texaco will get all of Getty's crude oil and natural gas and its efficient refining operations; the divested refineries and marketing outlets will be left with no readily available supplies, making their chances for survival slim.

The Reagan Administration has vigorously opposed antimerger legislation introduced in Congress. A bill sponsored by Senator J. Bennett Johnston and backed by Senators Howard Metzenbaum and Warren Rudman would have imposed a six-month moratorium on mergers, including those between Socal and Gulf, and Mobil and Superior. The oil giants and the White House vigorously attacked the bill, calling it "unfair" to shareholders. Following an all-out lobbying and public relations blitz by the companies, Senator Johnston announced the bill did not have enough votes to pass and substituted a prospective moratorium which did not include recent mergers.

Even this moratorium, which is tantamount to locking the barn door after the prize thoroughbreds have been stolen, was defeated, by a vote of 57 to 39. In its place Robert Dole offered a bill that directs three Senate committees to look into the problem and report back—a convenient way to bury the issue. In the House, growing opposition to the mergers may produce legislation requiring more vigorous antitrust enforcement. In introducing a bill to give the F.T.C. more power to review mergers, Representative James Florio argued, "It is time to stop the games of dice and blindman's bluff in which the government is allowing a few giant companies to map industrial policy and dictate the future of energy and national security policy for the American people."

Unless Congress acts to stop the restructuring of the U.S. oil industry, multibillion-dollar mergers will continue to boost interest rates, divert capital from exploration for domestic oil and gas supplies and remove competitors from the marketplace. As less oil is found and as companies disappear, control over U.S. oil production, refining and marketing will be increasingly in the hands of companies like Mobil, Texaco and Socal. And because control over supply is accompanied by control of price, consumers will end up paying more money for every gallon of gasoline and heating oil they purchase. □

DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

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WHILE SOMEONE ELSE IS EATING—VIII

Shirley: 'I'm Not Eligible for It'

This is the last in a series of pieces in The Nation *about how some people are being made to live in America today. Like many of the others, it was edited for length. It will appear in its entirety along with the work of all the poets and novelists who participated in the project—Ron Arias, David Bradley, Maxine Kumin, Simon Ortiz, David Ray, Edward Rivera, Mary Lee Settle, Earl Shorris and John van der Zee—in a collection titled* While Someone Else Is Eating. *The book will be published in May by Anchor Press/Doubleday.*

ERNEST HEBERT

Shirley Hodge's western-style belt buckle is etched in purple with the words "bull shit."

I remark on the buckle and she says, "That's how I feel about this world right now."

Shirley and I grew up together in Keene, New Hampshire, a town of about 25,000 people and the hub and service center for 20,000 more who are spread out in small villages in the southwestern part of the state. Shirley is 51; she lives with her mother, Lillian, now 92, in a small four-room apartment on the corner of Church and Railroad Streets, in Keene. The apartment is on the second floor of a three-story, wood-frame house that has seen better days. The rent is $70 a week.

Shirley is wearing her standard uniform: dark slacks, western shirt and belt, to which is attached a folding knife in a case and a dangling rabbit's foot. Her short dark hair is graying; she's overweight and she has no teeth.

"The teeth were removed, oh, three years ago," she says. "They were just too far gone to do me any good. I have to eat hamburg or hot dogs, soup, things like that—something soft that I don't have to chew. I take and cut up my food real fine. I eat things that are good for me too, like oranges and applesauce. I am supposed to be on a strict diet because of my diabetes, and I give myself the insulin, but I haven't had the cash to buy the things I should for the diet. Maybe I could be better at it. Sure, I'd like to get some false teeth, but I can get by without teeth. It's more important to fix my car [a rusted, 1975 Ford Maverick] when it's broke, because if I can't get to the store there'd be no food for my mother and me. See, with my leg the way it is, I need a car. I need the car for work too. I mean, I'm not working but I need it to look for work."

We walk into the living room. It's neat and homey. On the walls are romanticized pictures of animals.

"Yeah, I'm crazy about animals, especially horses," Shirley says, and points to a black velvet painting of a stallion rearing on his hind legs. "That one is my pride and joy. I bought it at Woolworth's."

The most unusual object in the room is a teddy bear big as a man, sitting in a chair and holding two smaller bears.

"My girlfriend gave me that bear, the big one," she says. "I didn't know that she had bought it for me, so when I saw the small one, one of the ones he's holding now, I thought I'd get it for her. I was surprised when I opened the box and saw that big one, and she was surprised when she opened her package and saw the little one. She left the little one in here with the big one. See, don't they look cute together?"

Shirley and I reminisce about old times on Oak Street, where we grew up, and she answers my questions readily enough; but she's preoccupied with her troubles. A few days ago she had a knee operation. She has another leg injury that can't be corrected, and she's often in pain. Sometimes she can walk all right, but at other times she needs a cane or crutches to get around. Shirley was hurt in an on-the-job accident in 1977; now she's laid off from her job at a ball-bearing factory, and her benefits are almost exhausted. According to her reckoning, she's got two weeks of benefits coming. It's only $222, and after that the only income in the Hodge household will be her mother's small welfare check, not nearly enough to pay the rent and buy food. She's expecting a letter from the employment office informing her whether she's eligible for the two more weeks of benefits. There's more than just the money involved. There's anger that she's going to be gypped by officialdom; there's fear that she doesn't have the resources to provide for herself.

Shirley was not a good student; she never got beyond the tenth grade. And today, although she has no trouble grasping ideas (she is a lifelong reader and rarely watches television), there's a blind spot in her intellectual fitness for survival. The fine points of grammar and social nicety, the ability to cultivate relationships for gain, a sensitivity to the prevailing fashions in dress and opinion, a nose for the wind that tells a person when to tack in the workaday seas—those have escaped her.

"I would have liked to have finished high school, knowing what I know now," she says. "They don't want you in this town unless you've got the education. But when I was 16, I felt like I had to get a job to help my mother. So I quit school. I've been working ever since. I mean, when I haven't been laid off. You can say this for me: I never been fired from a job. I've been laid off time and again, and out of work, and I know what it's like to go down there to sign up for unemployment; but I never been fired.

"My first job was working at Keene Steam Laundry, on Church Street, for 50 cents an hour. It's long gone. I had just turned the minimum age when you could take a job. I worked on what they call a mangle. I must have been there, oh, a whole year before I was laid off. Then I went to the New Hampshire Chair Company, in South Keene. I done everything down there. I worked on the saws and sanders, mostly on sanders. I think that job lasted over a year, but I

Ernest Hebert is the author of The Dogs of March, *which was cited by the Ernest Hemingway Foundation. His novel* A Little More Than Kin *was recently published in a Penguin edition, and Viking will publish* Whisper My Name *in November.*

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lost it when they went out of business. Then I went up to Marlow [fifteen miles north of Keene]. They had a wood-product company up there, making bookcases and tool chests for the Army. I had worked up there two weeks, and my boss told me on a Friday that I was going to get a raise the following week because I was doing such a good job, and—wouldn't you know it—the place burned down."

After that Shirley landed a job at a small shop that made costume jewelry. She was 19.

"It was mostly foot-press work over there," she says. "They used to make bracelets, cuff links and earrings—you know, pierced ears? the wires? I ran a machine that made these things for cuff links, looked like bullets. They had two machines that was side by side. You put the pieces in and then you took 'em out. The machine was alone with you. I mean you could stop anytime you wanted to, and it wasn't like a line that makes you keep up no matter whether you can or can't. It was mostly setting-down work. I liked it."

Shirley worked in the shop for twenty-one years—good years, perhaps her best years. She developed a small circle of friends; she was especially close to Dorothy Wicks, whose picture is on the living-room wall. She kept her dark hair cut short and used no makeup. She developed a look that was all her own in that small New England town.

"I like the West," she says. "I'd sure like to go there, to the West. I've seen movies of it, and I'd like to go there, to the Rockies, the Grand Canyon. It would really be something to see. But I never had the money to do that much traveling. Oh, I thought about it years ago when I was healthy and my car was running good, yes I did; but I kinda didn't want to go alone."

Shirley has never lived in a house that she owned. Ask her whether she'd like to buy a house, and she struggles to answer. She says she'd like a place in the country, a farm or a ranch, she says, then adds that she has never allowed herself to dream about such things. There was never enough money, or even the possibility of money, to make the dream more than a tease. In all the years she worked at the jewelry-making shop, her pay hovered around minimum wage. A full-time job was a just-getting-by living.

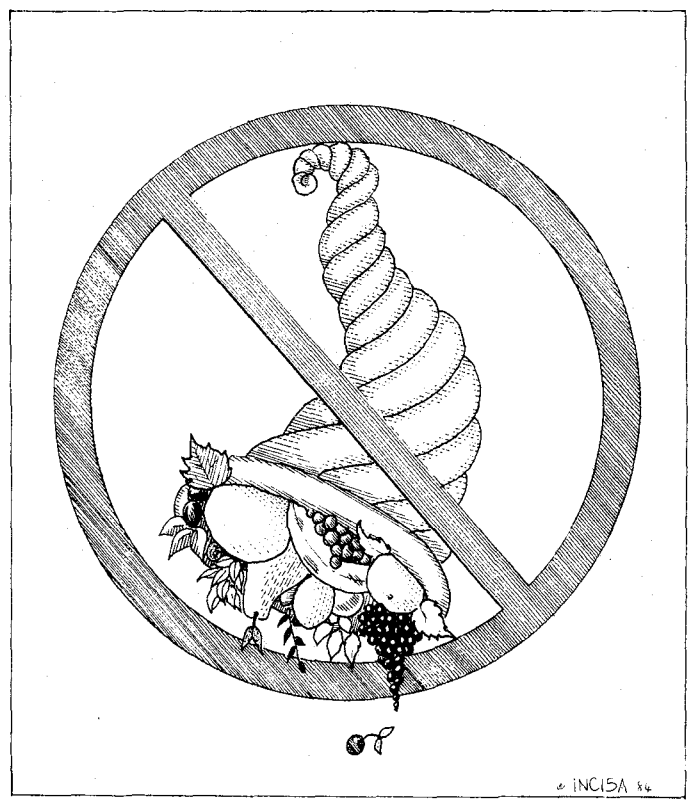
"When I was working and there was some extra money, it went for a movie and maybe to go out to eat once in a while, and anyway there would be never enough to make a down payment on a house, because it had to go for the cars that I owned, used cars; I never bought a new car. I'd have to take and pay out because things would go wrong with them. I did that for tires and, like, oil changes and grease jobs; there was batteries I had to buy, plugs I had to get, fuel pumps. You know, just one goldarn thing after another. Sometimes I didn't have a car at all, and that's hard because everything you need is so far away today. I didn't mind so much, you know—walking—back before my leg was hurt. But now, why, I wouldn't want to have to walk everywhere. I might be able to manage, maybe, in the summer. In winter, I just couldn't do it.

"I worked there for twenty-one years, and I thought I'd work there forever because it was steady, a job I could count on even if it didn't pay too good," Shirley says. "I guess business got kind of slow, and they laid off all the ones that had worked there like me—for twenty-one years, nineteen years, twenty years and so on. The week after that, we heard they had hired all new people, young ones. There was two or three of us that went down to the unemployment office to see if anything could be done, but there wasn't. The guy in there that we talked to said a shop doesn't have to keep the old ones if they don't want to, and there's no law that says they have to hire you back. I knew then, that was the end of that."

Shirley is well organized when it comes to filing her misfortunes. She has folders full of such things as doctors' appointment cards, medical records and layoff notices. Using her papers as reminders, she recounts her work life since the layoff and the accident several years later.

"When they laid me off at the jewelry shop, that's when things started to go bad," she says. "First off, I hit the road looking for work. And I did get a job at Roberts-Hart [a shoe factory], but then I heard of an opening at M.P.B. [a modern, miniature ball-bearing plant] and I decided to apply. I wanted to better myself. I kinda hesitated because I didn't think I could pass the test, but I passed and got the job. That was October 14, 1974. They started me off at more than I was making at Roberts-Hart or than I had made in all those years at the jewelry shop. I was surprised. I'd never seen good money like that before. I can't remember exactly how much it was, but it was over $2 an hour. I wasn't there long—six months—when I heard a rumor there was going to be a layoff, and sure enough sixty of us got laid off.

"I went down and signed up for unemployment, and I was out of work six weeks when I got a job at Keene Wood Heel, down there on Water Street. I was a sander and I



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'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall last October 20th, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for $24 each; cassettes are $19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

worked all kinds of saws, handled lumber and everything. We was equal with the men there. If we didn't like the job we was doing we could quit it. I even unloaded boxcars. That job lasted about a year and I got laid off.

"I heard of an opening at M.P.B., so I went there and they hired me back. I liked it there. I liked the people, and the work was all right and the money was good. And then I got hurt. It was May 26, 1977. I slipped on some oil and I pulled the adductor muscle here in my thigh, and I've had all kinds of trouble since then."

Since the accident, the pains in her leg come and go. She has worked at M.P.B. only off and on, leaving sometimes because her leg was bothering her, sometimes because she'd been laid off. She seems to have lost heart. She's preoccupied with her folders, as if they contain the meaning of her life.

"It was April 17, 1979, when I had to leave work because that leg was giving me so much trouble," she says. "There was a lot of doctors that I saw. I've been up to Hanover and I went to Boston for a CAT scan. There was fourteen doctors in all that I seen. They all told me the same thing: I was going to be bothered with it for the rest of my life."

I suggest vaguely that Shirley consider signing on to some retraining program to learn a trade that wouldn't require her to be on her feet. But she doesn't have the confidence to imagine herself anywhere but in a factory.

"Right now it's really hard to say what I hope for," she says. "You really can't plan on nothing the way the work is. I haven't had the learning to do secretarial work or anything like that. I don't know."

Then it's back to talking about what's really on her mind: the encounter she had with the man at the employment office the day after her operation.

"Now, I don't know whether I should take and tell the gentleman's name or not who gave me all the trouble. I talked with Mr. X down there. I guess he's the head one. He wanted to know what this is all about, and all about the operation and things. I said it was on account of the accident that I had down to M.P.B., and I wanted to take and sign up for the two weeks in March. He says, 'You wasn't willing and able to work, was you?'

"And I says, 'Yes. I didn't go in the hospital until the fifteenth to have my operation. I was looking all along before that for work.'

"He says, 'I don't think that you'll be able to get anything.'

"I says, 'I can talk to my lawyer about it.'

"He says, 'You go right ahead; it's my decision to make. If I don't want to pay you and if I don't think that you're eligible for it, I don't have to pay you.' He was really snotty.

"I says to this gentleman, 'I can go to my doctor.'

" 'You do that,' he says. 'You tell him that I want a statement from him telling that you was willing and available to work for those two weeks in March.'

"I went back up to the clinic—that's where Dr. Hansen has his office—and I talked to his nurse, and I told him what I wanted, you know, what I needed from Dr. Hansen. And I felt kinda bad. I broke down and started to cry. I had

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just got out of the hospital and to have him—the gentleman—you know, say that. So, anyway, Dr. Hansen's nurse—it's a male, Fred—he said that he would talk to Dr. Hansen and he'd take and send it out.

"Yesterday, I went down to M.P.B. and talked to the personnel director about what had happened down at the unemployment office. She said that if I got a letter denying those two weeks, for me to appeal it, because she says, 'You were willing and available for work.' She says, 'Because if we had the work you wouldn't have ever got laid off; you'd a been working,' But I still haven't got nothing from him yet."

The next day I telephone Shirley to ask how things are going. Her voice manages to convey both anger and fear. She'd received the letter from the employment office. I ask her to read it. The necessity of concentrating while reading it over the telephone calms her a bit. She reads:

> The Federal Supplementary Compensation Act has been amended and now provides New Hampshire claimants additional entitlement of two times their weekly benefit rates. Your maximum remaining entitlement is $222. This decision serves only to increase your potential maximum benefit amount. Any disqualification in effect for not meeting this eligibility requirement remains in effect.

"So, see—see what he's saying?" she asks.

I don't see. The jargon boggles my mind. Shirley explains, "What he's saying is, I'm not eligible for it." □

'Triple I'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

professors, Federal officials and even the chairman of I.B.M. warned of the dangers of computerized data banks containing personal information. The concerns of Senators Sam Ervin, Charles Mathias and others that Congress have oversight of Federal dossiers took shape in the landmark Privacy Act of 1974, which protects personal information maintained on individuals by Federal agencies and some Federal contractors. However, criminal-history records were not included in that act because many lawmakers felt that special legislation dealing with the particular problems of law enforcement agencies was needed. Such legislation has never been enacted.

Now Congress has turned away from the problem. The House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, once a staunch foe of plans to institute Federal data banks based on arrest records, is in virtual hibernation on the issue. Blinded by the computer mystique, Americans are unwittingly ceding their right to control the F.B.I.'s use of information on individuals.

The index is operated by the F.B.I.'s National Crime

Diana R. Gordon, a former president of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, teaches criminology at the Center for Worker Education of the City College of New York. Mae Churchill is an occasional contributor to The Nation.

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Information Center (N.C.I.C.). Launched by J. Edgar Hoover in 1967, the center helps local law enforcement agencies track criminals speedily and serves as a kind of electronic lost-and-found service for stolen cars and stocks. Despite Hoover's assurance that the N.C.I.C. would make "no intrusion whatever upon the right of privacy," the Justice Department has confirmed that from 1971 to 1974 the F.B.I. compiled an index of files on political dissidents. Recently, the N.C.I.C. established a file on people who, though they may not have committed crimes, are considered threats to those guarded by the Secret Service.

But those activities are merely incidental to the development of the N.C.I.C.'s criminal-history system, Triple I's predecessor. Intended to be a centralized, computerized file of rap sheets from the fifty states, the system ran into political difficulties with some members of Congress—notably, Representative Don Edwards, chairman of the Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights—and with state governments that wanted to retain complete control of their files. By 1981 only eight states were included in the N.C.I.C. system. Furthermore, during the 1970s the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (L.E.A.A.) challenged the F.B.I. by funding state computerized criminal-history records systems. The L.E.A.A. proposed that the states retain control of their records and exchange information through the L.E.A.A.-controlled National Law Enforcement Telecommunications System (NLETS).

In answer to the criticisms from state governments and civil libertarians the Bureau states that the Interstate Identification Index is a completely decentralized system, which would work like this: A local police agency that wants to check the record on a suspect, or a probation officer who wants to take into account prior convictions when preparing a pre-sentence report, taps the state criminal-history computer to request information from other states. That request is relayed to the N.C.I.C., which consults its central index to determine what state, if any, has a record on the person. The F.B.I. asks the state that has the record to communicate it through NLETS to the party that made the request. In theory the records bypass the F.B.I.'s computers and go directly from one state to another. Thus, no centralized data bank is created.

In fact the fingers never leave the hand. The F.B.I. has a record of all inquiries. It's response, verifying the existence and location of an arrest record elsewhere, may tell as much of the story as the requesting state wants to hear. Also, N.C.I.C. acts as a surrogate for states with limited staffs and, until Triple I is operating nationwide, for the states that do not now participate in the system. So if state A wants information from state B and gets no reply, the F.B.I. can step in and obtain the data sought.

It is also likely that Triple I will disseminate erroneous and incomplete information. Even those in charge of the index admit that a lot of junk is contained in criminal-history files. Reports issued during the past decade by the General Accounting Office warn that both Federal and state criminal-history records are inaccurate and incomplete. A 1982 study by the Congressional Office of Technology Assistance (O.T.A.) found that as many as one-third of state records lacked information about the disposition of cases on file. Therefore, an arrest in one state, which may have resulted in an acquittal or dismissal, could in another state influence the decision to withhold bail or to prosecute a defendant as a "career criminal." Although the F.B.I. and many states have improved the quality of their records since 1979, when the O.T.A. survey was conducted, a majority of states are still not in compliance with the Federal requirement that dispositions be included in state criminal-history repositories within ninety days of a court's decision. And regular record audits are the exception rather than the rule.

Even if the records were cleaned up, they would not be much help to local law enforcement agencies in reducing crime. Kenneth C. Laudon, a New York University professor who worked on the O.T.A. study, points out that Triple I hasn't significantly improved the quality of the information on which police and judges base their decisions. A judge who wants to take a defendant's record into account when sentencing will find that a criminal history from another jurisdiction contains too many imponderables to be of much help. Standards of police conduct, for instance, vary greatly. "In Oakland, for a black male to have five or six arrests is unremarkable," Laudon says. "Busting them is part of controlling the streets." And police officers—with the exception of "stop-car" situations—don't usually have time or need to consult another state's files. Criminal histories are most frequently used after an arrest, and the information that officers want most during investigations is from subject files on outstanding warrants and known drug dealers, not from Triple I. In his forthcoming book, *Security, Freedom and Efficiency*, Laudon concludes, partly on the basis of 120 interviews with judges, police, prosecutors

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FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS

This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40, 50 copies $150, 100 copies $250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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and directors of local and state criminal justice information systems, that the index will be of little help to local law enforcement agencies in catching and containing dangerous criminals.

Triple I *will* make a difference in employment checks. Most employers are unwilling to hire someone who has a criminal history, and an arrest record can carry as much weight as a conviction. Even if only conviction records were disseminated, the social cost of rendering countless people unemployable because of past offenses, most of them youthful or minor, is too great a price to pay for the occasional discovery of an embezzler applying to work in a bank.

N.C.I.C. officials know that giving employers and licensing bureaus access to criminal histories is a touchy issue, and they have covered their tracks carefully. On the advice of their Advisory Policy Board, they have commissioned two studies of Federal and state policy and practice in this area before deciding on the extent of access that groups not involved in law enforcement should have to criminal-history records. According to the March issue of *Privacy Journal*, one N.C.I.C. official has said that if Triple I is to be available for purposes other than law enforcement, "we would have to ask Congress for authorization."

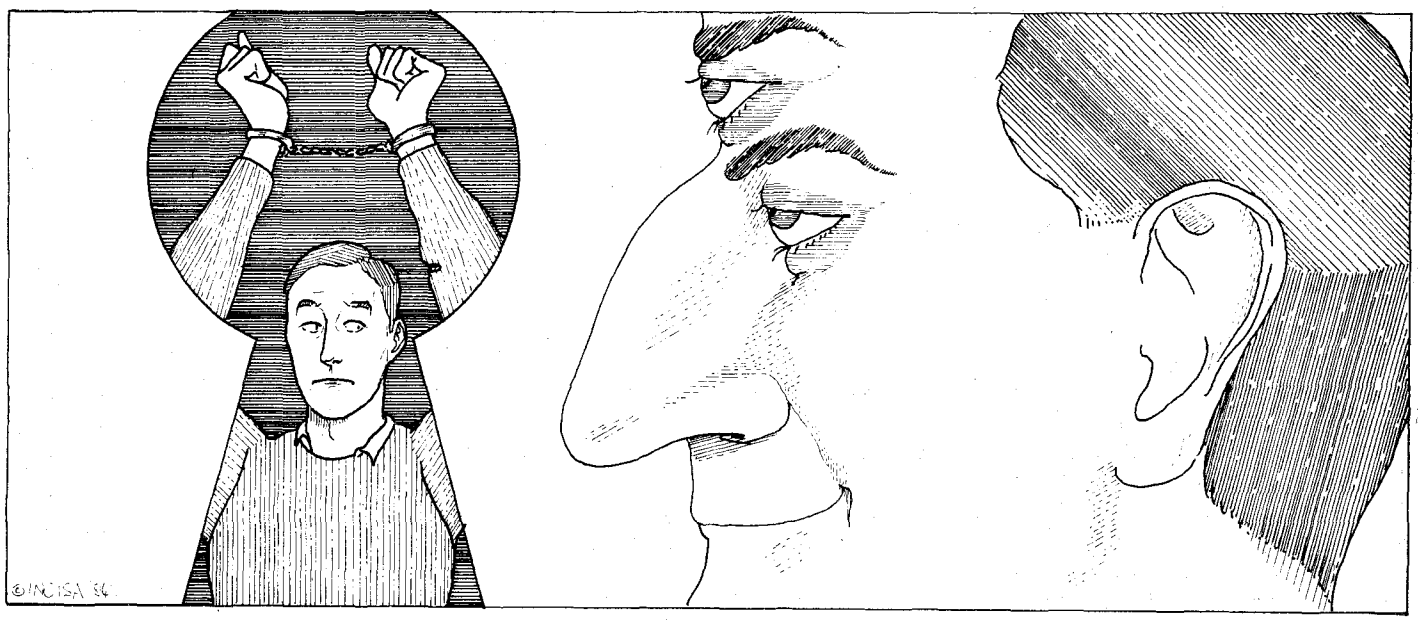
But the use of such information by employers is already prevalent in many states, constituting more than half the requests to criminal-history record systems in California, Connecticut and several others. Laudon argues that employers' demands for access to the data are likely to increase, and surely their requests for interstate information cannot be far behind. Nemecek recently acknowledged that employers have "a different level of sophistication as far as the utilization of these records is concerned." He suggested that for purposes other than law enforcement, only indirect access be granted, from "a clearinghouse through criminal justice agencies." Such a system would not be much of a barrier, however, in open record states, where anyone's criminal history may be purchased for a modest fee.

Clearly we have freed a tiger we cannot cage: computerized information systems are here to stay. At present they are accountable to no one outside the Justice Department. But a country that prides itself on its principles of shared power and individual freedom at least ought to try to tame the beast. The massive criminal information network will be an extremely powerful tool in the hands of a few who can control the fates of many.

Such controls as exist are almost worthless. Flimsy Federal regulations essentially leave it to the states to insure the integrity of criminal-history records and to limit their dissemination. (That the regulations have no teeth is hardly surprising, since they were designed by the L.E.A.A., which funded the system in the first place.) The N.C.I.C.'s Advisory Policy Board, made up of representatives from state criminal justice information systems, can hardly provide disinterested oversight. As for Congress, it long ago "ran out of gas," as Columbia political science professor Alan Westin put it; it apparently does not care to protect our privacy in this area. The National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws has for years been fiddling around with a model law on state criminal-history records and is only now asking others to review a draft.

Effective regulation of the accumulation and use of criminal records may be impossible. In the Information Age, we are inundated with data, which often confound rather than clarify. The benefit of being able to make more-informed choices is outweighed by the burden of sorting out the gems from the garbage. And when the proliferation of information impinges on cherished values, such as privacy and the opportunity to earn a living, we are so bedazzled by the technology that we ignore the threat. The medium masks the message, we turn away, and the victim is the democratic process.

For the moment, finding the answer is less important than finding the political will to ask the right question. If the Interstate Identification Index won't significantly reduce crime, if its tracking of people is so indiscriminate and if it is potentially damaging to so many law-abiding citizens, who needs it? □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

He and She

PHYLLIS ROSE

ADIEUX: A Farewell to Sartre. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Patrick O'Brian. Pantheon. 453 pp. $19.95.*

AFTER "THE SECOND SEX": Conversations With Simone de Beauvoir. *By Alice Schwarzer. Translated by Marianne Howarth. Pantheon. 116 pp. Paper $5.95.*

A generation of dutiful daughters (myself included) is grateful to Simone de Beauvoir for *The Second Sex* and *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, which were among the few feminist works available in the 1950s. The heroine of the latter, the first of what has turned out to be a series of decreasingly incisive autobiographies, is a bright middle-class girl, as obedient as she is ambitious. The book ends on a note of hope, with the girl in Paris, happily studying for the teaching degree that will make her independent. She has met Mr. Right in the person of Jean-Paul Sartre, three years her senior, a future teacher and writer like herself. How did it turn out? Can independence, achievement and intimacy be combined? Was the twentieth century's greatest literary couple really happy? If so, how did they do it? *Adieux*, which is partly an account of Sartre's last ten years and partly a series of conversations between the two in 1974, answers these questions and more.

De Beauvoir and Sartre were companions for forty-five years, although they never married and did not live together. De Beauvoir was intensely skeptical about marriage, believing that it was virtually impossible for a woman who married or even lived with a man to escape the traditional female role of housekeeper and caretaker.

Sartre and de Beauvoir knew that they would go through life together and that each would be the most important person in the other's life. But Sartre, an enthusiastic womanizer, made it clear from the beginning that he could not promise fidelity. Some people believe de Beauvoir was hurt by Sartre's philandering, which was more frequent and flagrant than her own. I see no sign of it in this book or in her conversations with Alice Schwarzer.

Adieux provides a fascinating explanation. Apparently, the great existentialist did not care much for sex. He liked to touch but not to be touched, and preferred kissing and caressing to "the act of love strictly so called."

"I should have been quite happy," he tells de Beauvoir, "naked in bed with a naked woman, caressing and kissing her, but without going as far as the sexual act." As it was, he says, he went through with it because it was expected; he got "a little pleasure at the end, but pretty feeble." One can see why de Beauvoir would not have minded sharing Sartre's "kind of frigidity" with other women, although one would like to know how she felt about being on the receiving end of Sartre's sexual peculiarities, which could not have been pleasant for her.

Talk, not sex, was the essential bond between them. So it is not surprising that the second and longer part of *Adieux*, the transcripts of their conversations, is vastly more interesting than the first part, de Beauvoir's diarylike memoir of Sartre's final years. The topics of discussion range over Sartre's "relations with" politics, time, women, his own body. We do not get a promised exchange about their relations with each other, but it doesn't matter: the conversations are a kind of enactment of their relationship—and a much better proof of their equality than pages of discursive prose.

I have never read dialogues in which the two speakers are so beautifully matched. What interviewer besides de Beauvoir could have asked Sartre, "When did you lose the stupid notion that girls who went to bed freely and easily were more or less whores?" De Beauvoir knows at least as much about Sartre as he does. She knows, for example, that he is open and friendly to people when he is sitting in a café but that he will go to any lengths to avoid asking directions when he's lost. The explanation she forces from him is revealing: he was reluctant to put himself in a dependent position, the same avoidance of passivity that made sex so stunted a business for him. And when he confesses that he was also reluctant to ask directions because it was a kind of imposition and he was too ugly to impose himself, who but de Beauvoir could reply, "You're not so ugly that you would make a pregnant woman run away if you asked her the way to the Rue de Rome."

She lets him get away with little. She points out when he contradicts himself. She helps him tell stories, filling in details. Sometimes she remembers more about his past than he does, and it is hard to tell who is the interviewer, who the interviewee:

> SARTRE: We often slept in the open.
>
> DE BEAUVOIR: Oh, every other night, I think. Without a tent, without anything. And particularly in that very pretty town near Sparta. . . . We slept in a church, and when we woke up in the morning there were all kinds of peasants around us. But I'm the one who is talking; it ought to be you.
>
> SARTRE: Not at all, we're talking together.

Many people will want to read this book solely for what it reveals about Sartre. We learn that for twenty years he seriously abused amphetamines. He was so wired that his feet moved constantly when he sat; his elbows moved so compulsively that he wore holes in de Beauvoir's armchairs. He took speed to write the *Critique of Dialectical Reason* but not to write *The Words*. That was one of several ways in which he revealed his greater respect for literature than for philosophy.

Sartre suffered from a lulu of a mind/body split. He got no pleasure from his body and experienced no joy in physical being. "When I skied, I was mainly afraid of falling," he tells de Beauvoir. His disdain for the body and sensual pleasure was so great that one is not surprised to discover there were many things he didn't like to eat. Crustaceans were distasteful because of their "doubtful consciousness." He preferred salamis to cooked meat because the flesh is less evident, and cakes to fruit because there is more thought in the cake. He was a man who, in every sense, preferred the cooked to the raw, a living illustration of Lévi-Straussian polarities. So one is not surprised that, for all his theoretical egalitarianism, he

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Phyllis Rose is the author of Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages *(Knopf).*

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believed women were primarily emotional and men primarily rational. Being involved with a woman was a way of "taking possession of her affectivity."

Sometimes his ability to run experiences through an abstraction machine is quite astounding. Here, for example, Sartre defends his youthful prank of throwing water bombs:

> I believe that when we hid at the top of the stairs in order to throw water bombs at the boys who came back about midnight wearing dinner jackets having been dining out, we were thereby indicating that the dining out, the dinner jacket, the distinguished air, the well-brushed hair, were wholly exterior things, nonvalues, of no worth.

Elsewhere he explains that he always tried to keep his weight down "to give the impression of a thin little man instead of a fat little man." But he can't help adding, "Besides, fatness was something I thought of as surrender and contingency." Sometimes de Beauvoir brings him down from these flights. Sometimes she joins him, and they seem well matched in their humorlessness, as in so many other qualities.

Sartre was 69 and already failing when these conversations took place (he died in 1980, six years later). Practically blind, he could not read and could barely write. De Beauvoir seems to have used the taping of these conversations as a way to keep him occupied and cheerful. He starts off in low spirits. "Does it interest you?" she begins the conversations. "At present nothing interests me," he replies. But as she gets him talking about his past, he begins to come alive. Her effort is touching, as are the moments when she abandons her interviewer's role to rouse him from despair:

> DE BEAUVOIR: What are your subjective relations to your work as a whole?
>
> SARTRE: I'm not very pleased with it. The novel's a failure.
>
> DE BEAUVOIR: No. It's not finished, but it's not a failure.
>
> SARTRE: Generally speaking, it's been less highly thought of, and I think people are right. As for the philosophical works . . .
>
> DE BEAUVOIR: They're wonderfully good!
>
> SARTRE: Yes, but what do they lead to?
>
> DE BEAUVOIR: I think the *Critique of Dialectical Reason* has advanced thought splendidly!
>
> SARTRE: Isn't it still rather idealistic?

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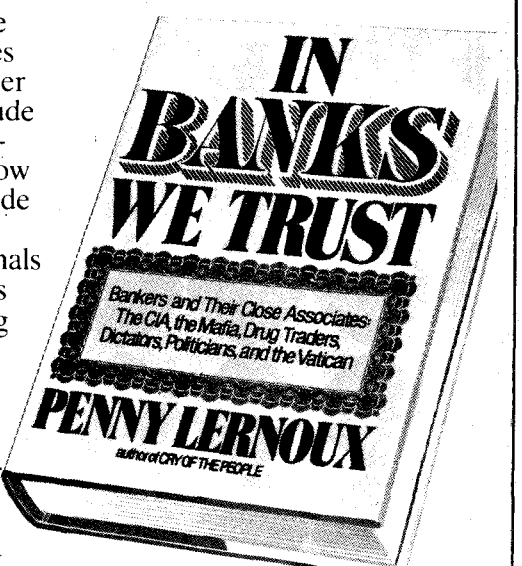
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DE BEAUVOIR: I don't think so at all. I believe it can be immensely useful in making the world and people understandable, just like the Flaubert, though in another way . . .

SARTRE: I didn't finish the Flaubert, and I never shall.

DE BEAUVOIR: You haven't finished it. But then the style of *Madame Bovary* wasn't something that interested you all that much.

As can be gauged from that extract, much of the charm of the conversations comes not from their compression or pointedness but from the illusion they convey that we are overhearing authentic speech. Overhearing Sartre and de Beauvoir, one feels a privileged witness to an intimate act.

The dialogue reminds me at times of Tom Stoppard, at times of the sparring of lovers in Shakespearean romances. They are found comedy, biographical drama in the raw:

SARTRE: Then there's another thing that gives me pleasure, and that is not having white hair.

DE BEAUVOIR: Your side whiskers are white, and when you don't shave thoroughly your stubble is white too. But since you are sensitive about what ages you, you ought to take more care and shave quite closely. Your hair in fact is gray; it's not white.

SARTRE: It's odd. According to what I've told you I should indeed take care of my person. I should shave better, for instance; and I don't do so. The imaginary character needs a real support, and the support should be as young as possible. There's a contradiction here.

DE BEAUVOIR: Yes, the imaginary character is no doubt slim and lively, whereas the real character has something of a belly. . . . You are not much too fat, but even so, if your fastidiousness matched your imagination you would obviously be thinner.

I don't suppose it will be long before someone puts this on stage.

De Beauvoir has gone to considerable trouble throughout her career to portray her relationship with Sartre as ideal, but we may still be skeptical. He formed a bigger portion of her mental and emotional life than she did of his. Throughout her life, she has talked about him and his work constantly; his work is much less dependent on hers. Were their ages and states of health reversed, I can't imagine him spending time interviewing her or writing books about their relationship after her death. Despite their separate residences, she spent a lot of time and energy taking care of him; he did not take care of her. He was the one who determined the strange sexual character of their relationship. Their "equality" was achieved by her giving up many of the experiences that might have impinged on his perfect freedom: children, for example, women friends, satisfying sex and the real pleasures of domesticity. She thinks her relationship proves egalitarianism is possible, but it may not prove that to us.

Without accepting their relationship as ideal or even ideally equal, one can at any rate believe in their happiness, achieved by an unending delight in one another's minds. They traveled together, they listened to music together. One copy of a book served both of them. They played four-handed piano pieces. They criticized each other's work.

"I had one special reader," says Sartre, "and that was you. When you said to me, 'I agree; it's all right,' then it was all right. I published the book and I didn't give a damn for the critics. You did me a great service. You gave me a confidence in myself that I should not have had alone."

They knew each other's opinions so well that one could speak for both, as when de Beauvoir says, "we" don't like psychoanalysis. Or, as Sartre says in the moving last line of their talks, "We've lived. We feel that we've taken an interest in our world and that we've tried to see and understand it."

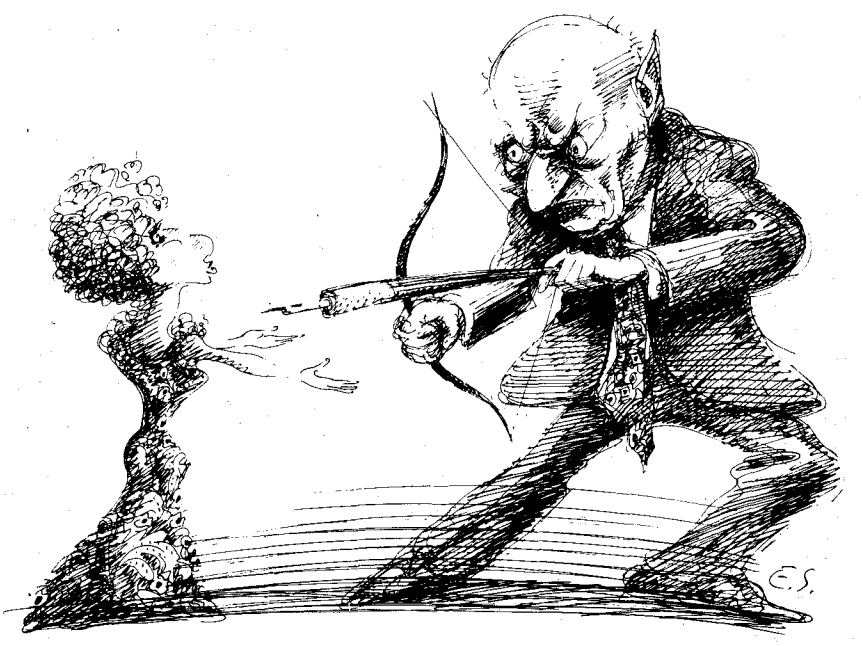
The first part of *Adieux*, the chronicle of Sartre's last ten years, is compiled rather than written. The reader is thrown into the complexities of French left-wing politics with no orientation. Judgments are recorded flatly, as in an uninspired diary: "One evening Sylvie took us to the opera to hear *The Sicilian Vespers*. . . . The casting was not all that it might have been, but there were some very fine arias and the choruses were splendid. The production, the scenery, and the costumes were outstanding." Details are maddeningly absent: "I questioned [Sartre] on his relations with feminism. He answered with the greatest good will but rather superficially." End of subject. Yet buried in the debris is a poignant document about a man facing death philosophically, observing his

LOST IN TRANSLATION

Said Isaac Bashevis Singer
While gulping a pill in distress,
"They've ruined my 'Yentl'—
It's too sentimental—
The movie is really a mess.

My work has been put through a wringer
And Barbra Streisand won't see
That no one pays dollars
for her tra-la-lalas—
The Singer they come for is me!"

Edward Eliscu



DRAWING BY EDWARD SOREL

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body fall apart, worried less about ceasing to exist than about existing in impaired form—worried, for example, that with false teeth, he will no longer be able to speak in public.

To remind myself that there once was a time when Simone de Beauvoir could write, I looked at two earlier works of fiction which have been reissued in paperback by Pantheon: *The Blood of Others*, a 1945 novel which is being made into a film, and the even more wonderful collection of early stories, *When Things of the Spirit Come First*. Today, de Beauvoir is a better talker than she is a writer. Fair enough. She is 76 and has written plenty. Fortunately, her talk is being abundantly recorded.

Her conversations with the West German journalist Alice Schwarzer (collected in *After "The Second Sex,"* forthcoming next month) took place from 1972 to 1982 and focus on her feminism, which is classic and uncompromising. By "classic" I mean that it denies the existence of an innate female nature. Her opposition to what she sees as a renaissance of this idea—a new glorification of motherhood, a new emphasis on femininity—ties the conversations together.

Throughout, she expresses herself with freshness and clarity. "Given that one can hardly tell women that washing up saucepans is their divine mission, they are told that bringing up children is their divine mission," she says. "Being a mother these days is real slavery." And "Women are exploited—and they allow themselves to be exploited—in the name of love." Old age is easier for women than for men, she notes, because women have less far to fall. Her continuing message to women is "Be wary." Be wary of marriage, of motherhood, of men. Don't necessarily avoid them, but be careful.

Simone de Beauvoir has led an extraordinary life and she knows it. Despite her intellectual commitment to solidarity with other women, at a deep level she does not seem to feel it. A calm sense of privilege, an air of exemption from the human lot, pervades everything she says. She is certain she has used her intelligence to live better than the rest of us. As a result, we may look up to her, but it's hard to love her. At one point, Schwarzer invites de Beauvoir to identify with other women: "I know quite a few women who have been made to pay for insisting on the right to show their intelligence and strength of character. People around them make them feel: so you are 'as good as any man,' are you? Well, then you are not desirable 'as a woman!' Have you come up against that?" Simone de Beauvoir's answer? "No." □

Wired for Action

MAURICE ISSERMAN

THE ELECTRICAL WORKERS: A History of Labor at General Electric and Westinghouse, 1923–1960. *By Ronald W. Schatz. University of Illinois Press. 279 pp. $22.95.*

Margaret Darin went to work in 1929 in the Westinghouse electrical manufacturing works in East Pittsburgh. Darin had grown up in a family of immigrant coal miners, steeped in union and socialist tradition, and in the mid-1930s she would play a significant role in organizing U.E. Local 601, one of the earliest and largest locals to join the newly chartered United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. But before she was ready to take on the burdens and risks of organizing in her own workplace, she made a brief foray into an unfamiliar setting:

> In 1934 Darin's teachers [at the East Pittsburgh Y.W.C.A., where she was enrolled in evening classes] nominated her to attend a now-famous summer school for women workers at Bryn Mawr College. Once again, her teachers were left-wingers . . . but it was neither economics nor labor-history courses which most impressed her. The beauty of the campus, the art and science she discovered there, her fellow students—these things inspired the factory girl. "Could you believe being at Bryn Mawr College? I lived on the sidewalks of East Pittsburgh and then going there!" She listened to concerts by a cellist and a pianist, discussed the universe with an astronomer, met radical young women from Sweden and Britain, learned about fascism from a German refugee, talked politics with garment-union activists from New York. "It was just like someone had drawn up a curtain. You began to see—to see things the way they really were. Before that, you sort of walked with a blindfold on. When I came back, my whole view of things had changed!"

Darin's recollection of the experience that led her to a lifelong commitment to the union movement reminded me of a passage in *My Soul Is Rested*, Howell Raines's history of the civil rights movement, in which Rosa Parks describes the events preceding her decision to keep her seat on that bus in Montgomery, Alabama, in December 1955:

> Only a few months before, in the summer of 1955, she had received through her work in the NAACP an invitation to visit Highlander Folk School, an integrated retreat in the Tennessee hills. . . . "That was the first time in my life I had lived in an atmosphere of complete equality with the members of the other race, and I did enjoy going up there, and I felt it could be done without the signs that said 'White' and 'Colored'—well, without any artificial barriers of racial segregation."

What leads people like Darin and Parks into insurgent movements? Hard times provided the setting in which the C.I.O. took shape in the 1930s, and injustice the setting for the civil rights movement in the 1950s, but neither hard times nor injustice can explain why Darin and Parks took that dangerous first step while more prudent neighbors in East Pittsburgh and Montgomery went on with their daily routine. Both Darin and Parks had been exposed to (and, indeed, had sought out) radical ideas, Darin in her evening classes, Parks in the local N.A.A.C.P. chapter's activities. But something else was needed before those ideas really took hold—that glimpse of a world transformed, on a quiet college campus in Pennsylvania, in an integrated dining hall in Tennessee. And then "it was just like someone had drawn up a curtain."

The past decade has seen the publication of a string of histories examining diverse social and political movements and displaying a sophisticated grasp of their internal dynamics: Lawrence Goodwyn's *Democratic Promise*, Peter Friedlander's *The Emergence of a U.A.W. Local, 1936–1939*, Mark Naison's *Communists in Harlem During the Depression*, to name but three. Taken together, these histories refute romantic assumptions about rank-and-

Maurice Isserman teaches history at Smith College. His book Which Side Were You On? The American Communist Party During the Second World War *will be reissued in paperback early next year by Wesleyan University Press.*

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file revolt: without a small group of experienced activists who combined practical political skills with a larger social vision, the mass insurgencies of the 1890s, 1930s and 1950s through the 1960s would never have got off the ground.

Ronald W. Schatz, a historian at Wesleyan University, writes in his preface that his research led him to discard the "illusion that it was possible to study working-class history without reference to politics." The vogue for "history from the bottom up" of the late 1960s and early 1970s, he decided, obscured as much about working-class history as it revealed:

> What was needed was to synthesize the institutional and the social—to explain how unionism emerged from the factories and how the union's economic and political activities reflected the consciousness and influenced the situation of the rank and file.

What results is both less and more than a history of the organization and eventual splitting of the United Electrical Workers union. Schatz's focus is on the local level, and he mentions only in passing the conflict at the national level between left wingers like James Matles and Julius Emspak and anticommunists like James Carey.

The Electrical Workers, based on dozens of interviews Schatz conducted with the men and women who built the union in places like Lynn, Schenectady, Erie and East Pittsburgh, makes fascinating reading. In a chapter examining the background of the group Schatz calls "union pioneers" he reveals, local by local, a distinct pattern: those pioneers were generally more radical, older and more skilled than the average electrical worker. Whatever judgment one makes about the role of Communists in the U.E. and the labor movement in general, Schatz's book effectively explodes the myth that the Communist Party infiltrated the labor movement in the 1930s. Without the contributions of Communists and other radicals, there would not have been a U.E. to begin with:

> Members of left-wing parties had skills which equipped them to organize. Unlike most workers, they knew how to call a meeting, distribute literature, and speak on their feet. Faith in the potential of the working class infused left-wingers with the dedication needed to put in long hours at organizing—an insecure, financially unrewarding, and for the most part quite tedious business.

Male union pioneers were in their 30s and 40s in the years when they were organizing the U.E. Most of them had been working in the same place for a decade or longer. General Electric and Westinghouse maintained seniority systems, which meant that younger workers were hardest hit by the layoffs of the early Depression years. When G.E. and Westinghouse expanded production and resumed hiring large numbers of new employees at the end of the Depression, a younger, less politically involved work force found itself in a union run by older, more radical veterans.

Perhaps the most surprising of Schatz's findings is that many union pioneers were drawn from the ranks of skilled workers. These workers were used to good pay and enjoyed more autonomy in their work routine than ordinary production workers. Thanks to the seniority system, they held onto their jobs through the worst years of the Depression, though their pay was cut and they were often shifted to less skilled assembly-line work. One such pioneer was William Winn, a British immigrant who had been a member of a shipyard craft union before he came to the United States. During the 1920s he earned high wages as a skilled metal worker at G.E., but found himself shifted to the assembly line at the start of the Depression:

> We'd been used to good money. We'd been used to skilled work. And it upset us to be put in a place where nobody gave a damn about what you did or how you did it. . . . We were not on skilled work anymore. We were just part of the common mass, you might say. And that's what got us really thinking a lot about unionism.

Winn's skilled-labor background combined with political conservatism was unusual; generally, the more conservative union pioneers came from the ranks of the less skilled.

Female union pioneers differed from their male counterparts in several regards. They were young, without seniority and were hired to perform only unskilled, low-paid work. G.E. and Westinghouse employed only unmarried women until World War II. Schatz's sample of female organizers shows that they also differed in some important ways from the average female worker. Either they came from families with union or radical ties, like Margaret Darin, or they lived in a "nontraditional family setting"—without husbands or fathers in the house-

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hold. Schatz's sample of female union pioneers is small, but the pattern he describes fits what we know about the women union activists of an earlier generation, the working-class members of the Women's Trade Union League during the Progressive era.

Schatz continues his analysis of U.E.'s development at the local level through World War II and into the postwar Red scare. The U.E., which had gone against C.I.O. policy on a number of issues in 1948 (including U.E.'s endorsement of Henry Wallace and opposition to the Marshall Plan), withdrew from the C.I.O. in 1949. The C.I.O. promptly chartered a rival union, the International Union of Electrical Workers, which waged a no-holds-barred struggle against the U.E. for the loyalty of G.E. and Westinghouse workers. Schatz considers the episode a disaster for the collective well-being of the electrical workers, but while his sympathies clearly lie with the U.E., he offers a reasonably dispassionate analysis of the factors that led various locals into one or the other of the contending camps. Ethnic origins, religious affiliations, political beliefs, age, skill and pay levels all figure in the equation determining whether a given electrical worker would be more likely to vote to support the U.E. or the I.U.E., but there were still surprises: Margaret Darin's East Pittsburgh local, despite a long tradition of radicalism, went with the I.U.E., while a conservative local in Erie voted to remain with the U.E. Schatz's analysis of the period is too detailed to rehearse here, but it suggests that historical generalizations that contrast working-class militancy in the 1930s with working-class conservatism in the 1940s and 1950s are grossly oversimplified.

The Electrical Workers is an important addition to labor history and a credit to its author. Some mention, however, should also be made of the influence of Schatz's mentor, former U.E. activist David Montgomery. Someone should write an article or a book about the role of radicals of Montgomery's vintage in shaping the historical scholarship of the 1970s and 1980s. *Visions of History*, the recent collection of interviews with radical historians produced by MARHO, is a step in the right direction, but there's more to the story. Due to the collapse of the old left in the late 1940s and early 1950s, there are a lot of established academics today who, when they started out, had a very different sort of career in mind. Born too late to be union pioneers, they served instead as pioneers of historical scholarship. □

The Gringo President

ELIZABETH HANLY

THE NATION THIEF. *By Robert Houston. Pantheon. 241 pp. $13.95.*

A little over a century ago, William Walker, a multitalented Tennessean adventurer barely five feet tall, loosed his dreams on Nicaragua. Invited down by one Nicaraguan faction to join in fighting another, Walker soon became the country's Commander in Chief and then its President. Under his brief administration, slavery was introduced and huge tracts of land were used as collateral for international loans to finance more fighting. Legend has it that at least 12,000 died in Nicaragua thanks to Walker and the American Phalanx of Immortals, as the fifty-seven mercenaries who sailed with him to Central America called themselves.

Robert Houston's novel *The Nation Thief* stays close to history. Houston introduces Walker as he's recruiting his Immortals and tracks him through one military victory/slaughter after another until, midway through the novel, Walker's luck begins to turn. His marches and sieges become more and more desperate, his all-night planning sessions more crazed; finally, with an apocalyptic flick of the wrist, he orders the burning of the capital. With his few surviving followers, he manages to slip out of the country, only to be executed when he returns to Central America to take one more stab at his destiny.

The Nation Thief is structured as a patchwork of diarylike musings from a variety of characters: Talmedge Warner, a Southern backwoods farm boy; Guy Sartain, a solitary black physician; Brian Holdich, a gentlemanly officer who paints; Rachael Bingham,

Elizabeth Hanly's articles have appeared in The Village Voice. *She is writing a book about the Argentine Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo.*

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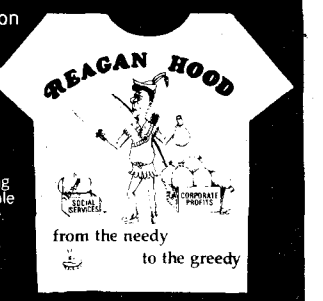

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It should happen here...

In this essential sourcebook for anyone seeking new political solutions that transcend left-vs-right "politics as usual," Fritjof Capra (*The Tao of Physics*) and Charlene Spretnak investigate the Greens, Germany's famed anti-party party, applying Green principles to American politics and exploring concrete ways to organize a Green political movement in the U.S.

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a beautiful, forlorn young actress; Chélon, an old Nicaraguan Indian colonel. Each tries to pin down the exact nature of Walker's magnetism and his or her relationship with it. Houston thus sets the stage to explore the question, so often used in praise of soldiering: Where do such men come from? Talmedge Warner feels transformed by Walker:

> Whatever we done, Uncle Billy could make it sound like we was going straight into heaven or the history books because of it. It was hard to walk away from something like that. It made us somebody we hadn't never thought we could be.

But for Rachael Bingham he is a calculating butcher:

> They simply can't see past him. Or they're terrified of him. When they're wounded they call out first for their mothers, then for Uncle Billy. Do they worship him because he's so cold? Is that the kind of god they need?

The most enticing and complex character should have been Walker, but he remains flimsy, at best the enigmatic mumbler of vague visions. Chélon steals the show. He stands as a bridge between his dispossessed people, who see in Walker the gray-eyed savior foretold in ancient tales, and the "shit-sausage politicians," with their backroom doubledealings. Only Chélon's sensibility is lush enough to convey the reality of war. It is he who tells us how the conscript corpses stink of the brandy poured down their throats before the battle.

The rest of the cast might more naturally turn up in a toy chest or a commedia dell'arte. They are engaging, even likable—how can one not feel for Sartain, for instance, when Walker tells him his plans to introduce slavery to Nicaragua—but the incessant ruminations Houston foists on them bury them. Perhaps that's why for all its slaughter, its flaming cities and heaped-up corpses, *The Nation Thief* seems curiously bloodless.

In the darkest of Freudian slips, the Reagan Administration recently selected the Honduran town where Walker was shot as the location for a permanent U.S. military training base, which now operates at full capacity. A more probing book would have better served this history. □

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THEATER.

STEPHEN HARVEY

Glengarry Glen Ross

For the first ninety-odd minutes of David Mamet's superlatively creepy *Glengarry Glen Ross*, five sleazoid real estate operators spew a bilious stream of threats, invective and expletives at colleagues and competitors (including one another), the patsies and tightwads they sweat to dupe and the entire Indian and Polish populations of their native Chicago. Mamet's characters live to loathe, and all that bluster and bravado is their way of proving they exist. So it's pretty terrifying when, just before the end of the last act, a leaden silence clamps down on the stage of the John Golden Theater: it could only be the prelude to an explosion, or extinction. We know that something dreadful is happening, unheard and unseen by us, within a locked private office in an upstage corner. Meanwhile, the play's prime scam artist stands at center stage, oblivious but uneasy, acting out the longest preen in theatrical memory—a slow twist to the fat knot of his tie, a series of reflexive twitches at the shoulders. After the elaborate setup comes Mamet's unsettling payoff: a final burst of quiet that hurts more than catharsis and is considerably more truthful. We realize that somebody's future has been squished in that room, and that nothing fundamental has changed. Mamet has honored the audience by keeping the details discreetly out of sight and permitting it to grasp the essentials for itself.

This fact alone would distinguish *Glengarry Glen Ross* from the few serious plays that have found a Broadway niche lately. Most of those have been more concerned with didacticism than art, busily preaching the indomitability of the human spirit, variously represented by deaf ingénues, Victorian grotesques, spacy nuns, Southern suicides and the putative killer of Mozart. If David Mamet has a specific message to impart (which I doubt), it is that the human spirit can be pretty domitable indeed. Like Beth Henley, whose *Crimes of the Heart* wasn't about anything much either, except the theatrical vitality of its people, Mamet is a real playwright, not a pop philosopher *manqué*.

In *Glengarry*, as in all his best work, he adjusts his angle of vision to suit the contours of his characters, rather than using them to illustrate an idea. For these salesmen, real males sport gutter sensibilities, women are, if not actively contemptible, superfluous, and absolutely anything is permissible in the quest for a sale. There are but two mortal sins—gullibility and queering a comrade's pitch. This is their reality, and because Mamet doesn't distort it by pointing out the obvious truth that there must be other ways to live, it draws you in. You don't know whether to feel pity for the salesmen's suckers or admiration for the artful mix of nerve and hot air which disarms them.

Glengarry's air of verisimilitude is itself a kind of salesmanship. The play's naturalistic veneer neatly camouflages its carefully carpentered dramatic structure. Act One consists of three duologues in which the speakers reveal their natures by trying to manipulate each other and one unwitting bystander. As in Mamet's *American Buffalo*, the plot revolves around a dunderheaded act of larceny which takes place offstage; in Act Two, everyone shadowboxes with the consequences. The seemingly unvarnished vernacular these people speak is Mamet's best scam of all. Ever since his *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, people have praised him for possessing an uncanny ear for street lingo. But the pungency of *Glengarry*'s language comes from economy: if these characters have fifty-word vocabularies, Mamet makes sure that every monosyllable counts. He has often been likened to Pinter in this respect, and the comparison is apt: both understand that inarticulate speech can be the most dramatically nuanced of all. (Concerning the prospective theft, the play's born loser queries, "Are we actually talking about this, or are we *talking* about this?" to which his predator replies impatiently, "We're speaking about it." Oh.)

Mamet persuades us that purgatory can be a funny place to visit, albeit a rotten place to live. The vandalized office of the second act is a visual joke in itself—file cabinets like spent volcanoes, leaving an ankle-deep lava flow of contracts and folders belched all over the floor. Distance lends an odd enchantment to the inveterate grossness of these characters as well. "Ever take a dump that made you feel you slept twelve hours?" asks supersalesman Roma of his newest prospect, and the hook is in—

Stephen Harvey writes for The Village Voice, Inquiry *and other publications.*

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who could resist this evocation of our universal human nature? Those who saw this play at its London premiere claim the National Theatre production balanced tension and wit even more adroitly, but the Broadway version, directed by Gregory Mosher, seems just about unimprovable to me. All the actors merge effortlessly with the people they're playing; as Dave, whose selfishness baffles even his cohorts, James Tolkan resembles Donald Pleasence on a diet of steak tartare and speed, and Joe Mantegna's Roma is an arresting portrait of bad temper and good grooming.

In the words of Roma, *Glengarry Glen Ross* "might mean nothing to you, or it may not." For a stern lecture on the capitalist ethic, best repair to the *Death of a Salesman* revival around the corner; *Glengarry* is merely that rare play which possesses an indelible dramatic life all its own. □

FILMS.

GEORGE DeSTEFANO

Improper Conduct

Improper Conduct, a documentary by Nestor Almendros, the renowned cinematographer, and Orlando Jiménez Leal, the director best known for *El Super*, is sure to disturb leftists who still see Cuba as a heroic bastion of radical social change. Yet conservatives are unlikely to take much comfort from its attack on the repressiveness of the Cuban system, because it is mainly about the sufferings of people for whom right-wingers show little sympathy: gay men.

That the Cuban government is fiercely homophobic is hardly news, but *Improper Conduct*, the work of two exiled Cubans, is the first film to examine the facts. It is compelling largely because its indictment is drawn from the testimony of twenty-eight Cuban exiles who appear in a procession of talking heads interspersed with archival footage, mainly of Cuba. The filmmakers found their witnesses in Paris, New York, Miami, Madrid and London. They include the well-known writers Herberto Padilla, Armando Valladares and Guillermo Cabrera Infante; former

George DeStefano is a freelance writer and a contributing editor to the New York Native.

WOODLAND SKETCHES

1
Leonardo's tiny sketches of ravines and river
valleys aboud with minutiae: Buds,
stamen and pistil reel
in a wordless dance with his pencil.
Sometimes he wrote notes in backward script
about the thermodynamics of curlicued ocean waves.
But mainly he enabled copses
and swales to speak, in chalk
or graphite smudges, for themselves.

2
I have returned to New Hampshire to study
the line and color of mountain meadows
because I no longer look for veins in leaves or thumb
the bristly backs of caterpillars out of curiosity.
I have lost touch with the bark of fir trees.
Yet their needles nettle me with the memory
of nights I camped over timberline
and built fires with pine cones squirreled
away in my knapsack.

3
Last night while the moon spoke Italian
outside my lean-to on Mount Washington,
I pulled quills from my terrier's snout.
Deerflies batted; lightning bugs blinked hard.
Upwind a barn owl signalled
to its ancestor hooting while Rome was sacked—
darkness was its element.
I waited for daybreak to redden
over granite ledges as if over centuries.

4
In the bramble behind my campsite
today I fill a baseball cap with berries
that stain its sweatband with their juice.
I return to my rock perch and writing board
by a stand of paper birch
and ravage the capful.
I collect quartz and mica stubble
from the stone's face with my knife,
then nap on a mattress of pine boughs

5
and dream I am a bearded Medici
conferring with an artist about paintings
of popes and courtesans. "The Church,"
I tell him, "shall be favorably portrayed
if possible, but you shall pay attention
to the landscape's odd assortment
of rock formations and twisted rivulets
as subject of a study on its own
or backdrop for a lady's subtle smile."

6
I waken. My dog is asleep, tied to a stump
where day lilies sprout through a knothole. I jog
to the creek: Barkless strips, like driftwood
littering the chinks between boulders,
are evidence of beavers. Prints in sand
belong to a bear whose claws
must have raked the emerald reaches of this pool
for rainbow trout that shot toward darker water,
only to be scooped up flashing in the sun.

James Reiss

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high-ranking Cuban officials and Castro confidants Carlos Franqui and Martha Frayde; and a vivacious black transvestite entertainer named Caracol. Some of the Cubans left their country in the 1960s, while others stayed until the late 1970s or joined the Mariel exodus in 1980. Fidel Castro also appears, in excerpts from a 1979 French television interview, to extol his own leadership and the humanism of his government.

Almendros and Jiménez Leal trace the "betrayal" of the popular revolution to 1961, when Fidel Castro proclaimed his Marxist-Leninism and his alliance with the Soviet Union. The Stalinist ideology of the Cuban Popular Socialist Party gained ascendancy, and with it came a Marxist-Puritan line in cultural and moral matters. There were crackdowns on drugs, prostitution, gambling and homosexuality, which was seen as an excrescence of decadent capitalist society, but also as a reformable vice. In 1965, inspired by Bulgarian labor camps set up to intern "antisocial elements," the Cuban government instituted the UMAP camps (Military Units to Aid Production). Thousands of homosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, long-haired youths and others deemed guilty of improper conduct were sent to those places, which, according to four witnesses in the film, featured brutal treatment and deprivation along with forced labor.

The UMAPs were disbanded in 1969 in the face of domestic outrage and protests from such prestigious intellectuals as Graham Greene, the Italian leftist publisher GianGiacomo Feltrinelli and Jean-Paul Sartre. (The latter became persona non grata when he observed that since there were few Jews in Cuba, homosexuals had apparently been chosen to fill the role of the despised "others.") But according to the filmmakers, the antigay repression simply assumed other forms. In 1971 the Cuban Congress on Education and Culture decried the "social pathological character of homosexual deviations," and recommended that policy be developed to curb the "problem." In 1980 homosexuals, along with the thousands of others who left Cuba from the port of Mariel, were denounced as *escoria* ("scum") by the government.

The Cubans interviewed in the film describe a leadership virtually obsessed with homosexuality. Ana Maria Simo, a lesbian feminist who as a teen-ager was an ardent Communist militant, was arrested in the mid-1960s for associating with "suspect" persons. Her interrogator demanded whether she knew what gay men did in bed. When she said she did not, he proceeded to tell her in exhaustive detail, all the while brandishing his pistol.

Oddly, Almendros and Jiménez Leal have overlooked some of the worst ways in which Cuban gays are oppressed. Homosexuals are denied membership in the Communist Party and are thereby cut off from the country's political life. They may not serve in the military or work in educational or cultural institutions where they might have contact with children and adolescents. They are subject to arbitrary dismissals from school and work. Sound familiar? Although the film takes an awfully indulgent view toward the United States, there are implicit parallels between the oppression of gays in Cuba and in America, right down to the use of aversion therapy to "cure" them and the denial of their civil rights. (The important distinction, of course, is that Cuban gays may not organize to assert and defend their interests.)

Why this repression? Cabrera Infante says, "The persecution of homosexuals . . . was the persecution of dissidents. Homosexuals deviate from bourgeois norms. Communists endorse conventional couples." Susan Sontag, who appears in one segment, comes closer to the truth: "If homosexuals . . . are identified with women, i.e. as weak elements, and the country's ideology is focused on strength, and strength is associated with virility, then male homosexuals are viewed as a subversive element." Sontag is the only speaker who makes the crucial connection between the oppression of gays and the devaluation of women, which has not ended in Cuba, despite all the official proclamations and the issuance of "progressive" family codes. The film also has little to say about the situation of Cuban lesbians.

Improper Conduct abounds in subtexts. It purports to examine a broad spectrum of repression in Cuba, yet it focuses so much on gay men that the fleeting references to Cuban racism and sexism seem like afterthoughts. Should the film's skew lead us to regard it as the coming-out statement of one, or both, of the filmmakers? And what's the meaning of such a film's appearance now, as revolution spreads in Central America and the U.S. government wages war against "Cuban-backed" insurgents? There are no indications that

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the Sandinistas are committed to an antigay line. Two years ago a representative of El Salvador's revolutionary movement addressed San Francisco's Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day rally to thank American gays and lesbians for their solidarity. There's no reason for gay people to assume that Latin American revolution inevitably brings repression in its wake.

Improper Conduct is a stacked deck against the Cuban system. None of the witnesses cite the horrors that have been inflicted on gays by rightist regimes in Argentina, Brazil and Chile. The claim of one exile that Chile's Augusto Pinochet took lessons in repression from Castro is simply preposterous. Yet despite its lapses, *Improper Conduct* is a powerful protest against the promotion and institutionalization of homophobia. This point is tellingly made by the film's final witness, a dramatist named Rene Ariza. "To be different, to be strange, to behave improperly isn't just forbidden [in Cuba], it's totally repressed. . . . It's not peculiar to Castro. There are many Castros. We must restrain the Castro that is in all of us." □

SLEEPING BEAUTY

You weren't invited
to my naming day,
so you came in spite
and placed a curse
among the blessings:
for years I lived in fear
of ordinary things.

I read books
to put you off,
to hold off
the mess of sex. Of course
I finally touched
the spinning wheel,
was cut, and bled,
and you had me in sleep.

I found out then
the world was full:
I couldn't speak up
and enter it. You and I
were the only things
still capable of movement.

When love tore down the brambles
around the castle
it was, as always,
the one thing
you couldn't foresee.
It was an ordinary thing
that saved me,
calling me by name.

Kathleen Norris

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E	■	A	■	L	■	F	■	G	■	E	■	E	■	A
D	I	P	L	O	M	A	■	A	M	N	E	S	T	Y
D	■	S	■	U	■	S	■	I	■	N	■	I	■	F
L	A	T	E	R	■	T	O	N	■	Y	O	D	E	L
E	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	Y
R	U	N	O	F	■	N	E	C	K	T	I	E	S	■
S	■	■	■	U	■	E	■	A	■	I	■	■	■	S
■	S	P	A	R	E	R	I	B	■	C	O	M	I	C
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S	T	R	I	P	■	W	A	N	■	P	R	O	O	F
H	■	L	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	I	■	R	■	F
P	R	O	W	E	S	S	■	T	H	E	M	I	L	L
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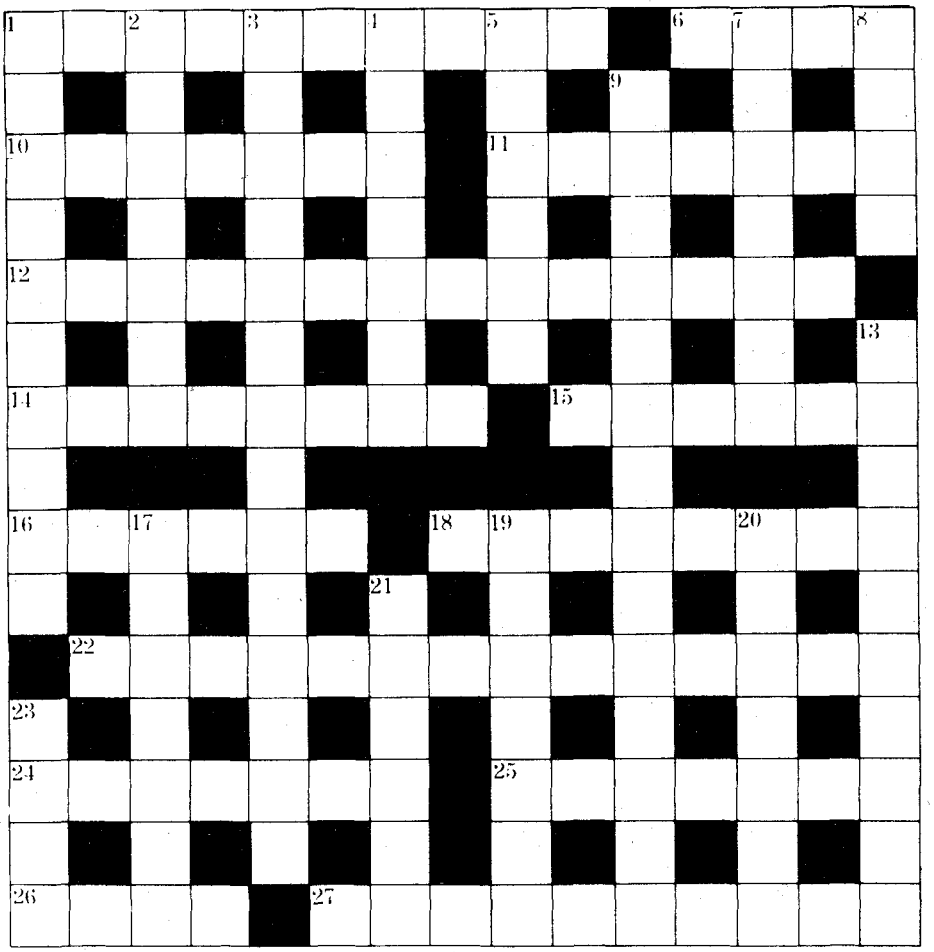
Crossword Puzzle No. 2006

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 If I ever act it, you wouldn't recognize this as coming from an opera! (10)
6 See 19 down
10 One might with emotion (such as fear). (5,2)
11 Places for baby and me to sleep, possibly taken without authorization. (7)
12 Common grounds? (In private, we don't have such.) (6,8)
14 Out of bed? Well, starting to get out of bed, anyway! (It's a revolutionary idea.) (8)
15 Carved rib, not of the English type. (6)
16 E.g., 9 is made by what occasionally needs tuning. (6)
18 The strangest sun I ever seen in all creation! (8)
22 Openings at the financial center suggest where gossips hang out. (7,7)
24 Knotted ties, and with ketchup on, perhaps! (7)
25 Going out would be less of a drag if you had a hundred coming in. (7)
26 See 8 down
27 Sounds like fabled little people of the French underground movement. (One gets beat with them, however.) (10)

DOWN

1 Being not exactly pure, traced and picked up for the second time. (10)
2 The prying type might consider it handy to boast a lot at the drinking spot. (7)
3 Scientists are not sure they'll ever find what comics had people looking under the dresser for. (3,7,4)
4 It might have application on the tennis court, coming up in a pinch, right on the mark. (7)
5 Spoils his belongings, reputedly. (6)
7 What collectors pass around a little, being home, possibly. (7)
8 and 26 across Avoid what shouldn't lead up to the front door? (8)
9 What the safety on a gun is for? (Some people have a drill for it.) (4,10)
13 Some think we're all born this way—as the letter writer sometimes claims he does. (10)
17 If one is thrown, could one become angered? (7)
19 and 6 across It might be the first thing heard from speakers for the Navy. (3,4,4)
20 It might prove a factor with violent dislike, or an element thereof. (7)
21 Traditional beginning associated with grave results? (The cat's is for kids!) (6)
23 Exists more than once, sometimes distinguished by cow's horns. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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